



No. 42.—VOL. I. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1864.

ONE PENNY.



1. SEARCHING FOR THE BODIES AFTER THE INUNDATION.

2. THE LADY BRIDGE DURING THE FLOOD. (See page 663.)

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday an extraordinarily fine specimen of the sturgeon, which had been caught that morning at Limehouse-reach, was taken to the Mansion House for the inspection of the Lord Mayor, and afterwards by his direction forwarded to Windsor Castle to be placed at the disposal of the Queen in recognition of a right vested in the Crown. The royal fish measured 7 ft. 2 in. in length and weighed 10 1/2 lb., or upwards of seven stones. It was caught off the wharf of Mr. Peter Holt at Rotherhithe by two men in his employment, named Edward Percival and John Nicholls. They harpooned the fish twice with a boat-hook, in spite of which it waged a gallant struggle to escape, and they only managed to land it by dexterously encircling it in the coil of a rope. The sturgeon lived upwards of two hours after that, and as it lay on the wharf it knocked a boy down by a sudden wave of the tail, a large fan-shaped propeller.

On Saturday evening an inquest was held by Mr. Dunstan, coroner of Knutsford, on the body of Agnes Sinclair, aged twenty. Deceased had taken a ticket on the previous evening to go from Bowden to Manchester by the Altrincham line. The day being Good Friday, and a vast number of people having gone to Bowden as excursionists, the return platform was crowded, and there was not a sufficient staff of servants to restrain the people. The consequence was, that the unfortunate girl, as the train was backed into the station, was borne along by the weight of the crowd, and, losing her footing, was forced down between the platform and carriages till she got under the wheels. When the train stopped, one of the carriage wheels was resting on her breast. She only breathed about five minutes afterwards. Verdict, "Accidental death."

On Saturday, Mr. John Humphreys, the Middlesex coroner, held an inquiry touching the death of James Hooper, aged forty-seven years. Henry Sayer, 5, Anchor-alley, St. George's-in-the-East, said that the deceased was a mariner. On Wednesday evening, he returned from Melbourne, Australia, in the ship Essex. Upon her arrival at the East India Docks the deceased received £10. He spent the whole week walking about the streets, going from public-house to public-house, drinking rum. During the whole of that time he had not been sober for a single hour. On Tuesday night week, two men brought him home to witness's house drunk. He had not even a halfpenny left out of the £10. Deceased was what was called a "quiet soaker." He used to drink by himself, and never ask any one to join him. During the night he kept calling out, sitting up in bed, "Give me more rum; I want more rum—more rum." In the morning he suddenly pulled the clothes over his head, fell forward and died. Witness had offered him coffee, but he refused it. Dr. Barnes deposed that the death of the deceased arose from effusion on the brain, caused by excessive drinking. The jury returned a verdict, "Death from effusion on the brain, arising from excessive drinking."

Mr. CARTER, the coroner for East Surrey, held an inquest on Saturday, on the body of Ernest Arthur Briggs, aged eleven weeks. Mrs. Elizabeth Jackson, of 3, George-street, Commercial-road, said that she knew the deceased. On the morning of Wednesday week between six and seven o'clock, the father of the children knocked violently at her door, and asked her to come down stairs directly. She went down, and saw Mrs. Briggs sitting up in bed with the deceased in her arms. The child was dead. A medical gentleman was sent for, and one attended in about six minutes. She saw the child alive at eight o'clock the previous night, when she had no apprehension of its death. Mrs. Briggs had told her that she had placed the child on her arm, gave it the breast, and she then fell asleep. She was a sober and careful mother. The mother of the deceased said that she went to bed about the hour of twelve. She (the witness) was not disturbed during the night. In the morning her husband arose to go to business as usual, when she attempted to move the child off her arm, and found that it was dead. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from accidental asphyxia, through pressing the child too close to the mother's breast."

The Court.

The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the royal family have honoured Mr. George Thomas with sittings for his picture of the Prince of Wales's marriage, which he is now painting at Windsor Castle.

Her Majesty the Queen, the King of the Belgians, their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, their royal highnesses Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, and Princess Beatrice, the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and the domestic household attended Divine service on Sunday morning in the private chapel. The Hon. and very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated, and administered the Sacrament of the Holy Communion.

The Countess of Gainsborough has succeeded the Countess of Caledon as Lady in Waiting.

THE AMBITIOUS OF THE BAR.—The other day at the Town Hall, Melksham, an arbitration case (which had been referred from the last sitting of the Melksham County Court, held before the judge, Mr. C. F. D. Caillard) came on for hearing before Mr. John Abraham Foley, the appointed arbitrator. Mr. Bartrum, solicitor, of Bath, appeared for the plaintiff, and Mr. A. B. Smith, of Melksham, for the defendant. Mr. Bartrum, in opening the case, was remarking upon the main points which he said he and his friend would have to keep in view, when Mr. Smith exclaimed: "Pray don't call me your friend. I should be sorry to be mixed up with such scamp." Mr. Bartrum: I am determined not to be bullied in this manner. I have never had such a term applied to me before, and I refuse to proceed with the case until Mr. Smith knows how to conduct himself with decency. Mr. Smith: Go on, go on. Mr. Bartrum (excitedly): I'll not go on, sir, till you know how to behave yourself. The arbitrator interfered, and the case was proceeded with till it came to Mr. Smith's reply, when he drew attention to an item in the set-off of £15 for a cow, which he said had been stolen from the defendant's premises under the most heartless circumstances. Mr. Bartrum contended that Mr. Smith had asked a certain question twice over. Mr. Smith: You are telling an untruth, and you know it. There is not a member of my profession would give that for your word (snapping his fingers towards Mr. B.). Mr. Bartrum: I venture to say the judge would not tolerate such conduct, and I don't think it ought to be tolerated here. It is disrespectful to you, Mr. Arbitrator. Mr. Smith: I'll let the judge know all about it. His honour shall know it. Mr. Bartrum: I hope the reporters will put this all down. Mr. Smith: I don't care what the reporters put down; let them put it down if they like. I'll give them some more to put down. The arbitrator: Well, gentlemen, if this is continued I shall leave. Mr. Bartrum: I hope you take notice that I have given Mr. Smith no offence whatever to call forth this display of temper; and I tell him that his indecent conduct this day shall form a subject of more public inquiry elsewhere. When Mr. Bartrum came to his reply, in the middle of his address, Mr. Smith rose impatiently, seized his blue bag and his hat, and addressing the arbitrator said: If you intend stopping here any longer I shan't. I've been here six hours, and had enough of it; I've an engagement, and must go. No doubt Mr. Bartrum will amuse you as much in my absence as in my presence. Exit Mr. Smith. The case was afterwards adjourned sine die.—*Western Gazette.*

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The great Armand *cause célèbre*, the particulars of which appeared in last week's issue, has come to a close, the prisoner, as all the world anticipated, being acquitted with flying colours, the crowd outside the court giving him a perfect ovation when he left the "Palais de Justice," once more at liberty. The *France*, in a leader on the subject, has some sensible remarks on the hardships of the case. Here is a man, with not a tittle of evidence against him, save that of Maurice Roux, the servant, his alleged victim, who has been imprisoned for upwards of eight months, and on whom the public prosecutor has heaped every kind of insult, and for all this he has no redress.

The *Pays* is evidently instructed to represent the state of affairs as very gloomy. It asserts that it is not merely a matter of form that Sweden is preparing for war and asking for money; but thinks that its co-operation with Denmark might possibly be confined to sending 20,000 men to Denmark as a "corps of occupation," which would leave the whole of the Danish army free to act.

DENMARK.

The National Guard of Copenhagen, which on the 17th replaced at the palace the Guards who have left for the scene of war, were presented to the King, who addressed them in the following terms:—

"In the midst of the dangers which threaten the country I feel a lively satisfaction in saluting for the first time since my accession to the throne the honourable military corps of the citizens of Copenhagen. The civic guard of this city has glorious antecedents. Fidelity to the King and love for the country created that body 200 years ago, to contribute to the safety of the kingdom. Those sentiments of fidelity and of patriotism have been handed down from generation to generation. I confidently hope that the military corps of the citizens of Copenhagen will, after the departure of my Guard, take on themselves with eagerness the service of the protection of my person and of my family with the same fidelity with which it has already executed that duty in similar circumstances under King Frederick VII. In praying the Almighty to give his blessing to my efforts and to those of my faithful people for the welfare of the country, I beg you to repeat with me—May God protect our dear and old Denmark!"

Those words were received with the loudest acclamations.

A communication from Copenhagen of the 18th, in the *Debats*, says:—

"The accounts which reach us from the scene of war in Jutland are truly deplorable. In fact, the Austro-Prussian army exercise exactions of all kinds against the inhabitants of that province. The requisitions for corn and cattle are causing the complete ruin of the population, and there is every reason to fear that a heavy war contribution will be shortly imposed on the people by the commander-in-chief of the enemy's army. What is strange is that in Jutland, as in Holstein and in Schleswig, the dismissal of functionaries and officials is the order of the day. The military chiefs in this matter act with such violence that all the administrations are in a state of complete disorganization. Jutland, with the exception of some districts into which the Austro-Prussians have not yet been able to penetrate, will be, as the enemy's generals loudly proclaim, governed militarily and retained as a pledge until Denmark shall have given satisfaction to Austria and Prussia."

PRUSSIA.

An address of congratulation on his birthday was presented to the King of Prussia by a large deputation of the Conservative party. It had received nearly 100,000 signatures. His Majesty returned the following reply:—

"I thank you, gentlemen, for your warm, patriotic language and address. All that you have said is true; it came from the heart, and goes to the heart. Industrious efforts have been made to console the people, and impose upon me the heaviest sacrifices that can be laid upon a sovereign, by withdrawing from me the love and confidence of my people, whose welfare I am constantly endeavouring to establish and to secure. I know, upon the other hand, that a joyful revolution has taken place, and successes have been obtained for which you also merit thanks. This is shown by the great sympathy and magnanimous readiness of all classes to make sacrifices for the army, which has proved itself worthy of its predecessors. I fear, however, that this revolution is only caused by the victories of my people in arms, which it is to be hoped may be repeated; for the party which willfully leads the people astray does not wish for the victories of the army, by which the security of the State and the Throne will be maintained. When this is past, it is not impossible that we shall encounter times such as we have known for two years. It will then be your task to hold as firmly together as you now stand before me. Yet I hope the time will also arrive when we shall be united, and I shall see then who will dare undertake anything against Prussia. Once more, gentlemen, I thank you."

GREECE.

A letter, dated Athens, March 10, says:—

"There has been almost a dearth of news during the last week. One act of the assembly, however, I feel certain, will interest your readers, and that is, it has adopted universal suffrage for the municipal elections, the office of mayor included. In consequence of the dismissal of the Ministers of War and Justice, Bulgaria proposed to the King three appointments, which His Majesty sanctioned, viz., Major Trignetas, of the artillery, to the War-office; Petzinos, a provincial advocate, to that of Justice; and Rontiris, also a provincial advocate, to the Marine. These nominations have been very unsatisfactory, not only to the assembly, but also to the general public. It must be said, however, that the ill favour which these appointments have met is caused as much by the action of the Opposition as by M. Bulgaria himself, who has certainly endeavoured to bring about a more satisfactory state of things. He addressed his chief opponents; they, however, individually wish for the head position, and consequently they did not act well together; and, in fact, should M. Bulgaria retire, King George will run the risk of being without a ministry capable of carrying on. The King has already commenced to speak the Hellenic language."

ROME.

A communication from Rome of the 19th inst. gives some details concerning the official reception of the French ambassador. It says:—The Pope, whose health has sensibly improved, having fixed this day for the audience which completes the reception of the ambassadors at the Court of Rome, Count de Sartiges went this morning to the Vatican with all the members of his embassy. The cortege, which was composed of four state carriages, was escorted by a detachment of Pontifical dragoons, the French and Papal troops, which were drawn up along the streets, presenting arms as the carriages passed. On reaching the Vatican, the ambassador was received by Mgr. Borromeo, major domo to the Pope, Baron de Sonnenberg, colonel of the Swiss Guard, and the Marquis Sacchetti, intendant of the Court, and was afterwards introduced to his Holiness by Mgr. Passa, master of the ceremonies. The Pope conversed for some time with the ambassador, who afterwards presented to his Holiness all the members of the embassy. After paying the usual visit to the Cardinal Secretary of State, Count de Sartiges proceeded to the church of St. Peter, into which, preceded by the members of the embassy, and accompanied on either side by an escort of Swiss halberdiers, he entered by the

large bronze door, which is never opened except to the Pope and to ambassadors. The count then prayed successively at the altar of the Virgin and before the tomb of St. Peter, and afterwards proceeded to the Quirinal and paid a visit to Cardinal Mattei, dean of the Sacred College. On the ambassador leaving, the cardinal, according to traditional etiquette, accompanied him to his carriage, and closed the door of it with his own hand. After those formalities had been gone through, the count returned to the Colonna Palace with the same ceremonial. In the evening there was a brilliant reception at the French embassy, to which the members of the Sacred College, the diplomatic body, and the elite of Roman and foreign society, repaired in great numbers to testify their respect for the sovereign of France."

VENETIA.

Letters from Venetia report that demonstrations have occurred in all the cities of that province to celebrate the anniversary of the revolution of 1848. Several arrests were made in Venice.

AMERICA.

An order from the War Department announces that General Halleck, at his own request, has been relieved from the position of General-in-Chief; that General Grant has been appointed to succeed at headquarters, both at Washington and in the field; and General Halleck assigned to the duty as chief of the staff of the army, under the direction of the Secretary of War and the General-in-Chief. The same order confers upon General Sherman the command in the South West, vacant by the promotion of General Grant. General McPherson is to command the army in Tennessee.

The Confederate General Polk, at Demopolis, Alabama, in congratulating the troops on the retreat of General Sherman, said, "Never did so grand a campaign, inaugurated with so much pretension, terminate more ingloriously."

General Sherman is reported as having gone to New Orleans and arranged a campaign, in conjunction with General Banks, against the Confederates in Louisiana, and has impressed all the steamers at Vicksburg to convey the troops up the Red and Washita rivers.

Through revenge for Colonel Dahlgren's death, Kilpatrick's cavalry, at Norfolk, Virginia, made an incursion into King's and Queen's County, laid in ashes the town and county seat of that name, and destroyed a large amount of private Confederate property. The inhabitants were driven from their homes, and many pursued and killed. Mills, granaries, and houses were included in the general destruction.

THE WAR IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

THE Danish correspondent of the *Times* writing on the 20th from Sonderborg, refers to the humdrum way in which the bombardment was going on at that date, and describes it as follows:—

"There is method and routine in the German way of going to work. His programme of one day is observed punctually in the proceedings of the morrow, and it is more or less as follows:—In the morning, at very earliest dawn, the good Prussian fires off two or three of his heaviest guns. This is by way of a *réveille*, and simply to get rid of the evening's last charge, which may have got damp in the night. The artilleryman then peacefully lights his pipe, and boils his kettle for his morning coffee. A couple of hours more is employed in inquiring, musically, and on Professor Arndt's strain, 'What is the German's Fatherland?' to find out whether Holstein, Schleswig, and perhaps even Jutland, are not included within its shadowy boundaries. By and by, as the clock strikes ten, the corporal summons his men back from the land of dreams, and the work begins in earnest. Then comes the time to awaken the hundred echoes of this sea-indentured shore, and to make every pane of glass rattle in our windows. It is boom, boom, boom, just at the rate of about three discharges every five minutes. The air is, and has been since the game began, pure and lovely beyond all power of description. It freezes hard in the night yet, but the days are long, and the sun is warm and vivid. Ineffable calmness has succeeded the three or four days' stormy gales that shook us so rudely last week. Such faint breezes as there is is westerly, and every breath from the scene of action brings us the music of that heavy artillery lingering in the elastic air with a sweetness that no concert or chamber music can equal. Outside, in the fields, along the sea, in the woods, all is life, and quiet, and love. The lark soars up buoyant and gleeful, and is long audible after it has become invisible. There is a chirp in every bush, a carol on every hedge, though not a trace of green, hardly an opening bud or swelling kitten, is anywhere to be seen. The spring teems everywhere in the lap of nature, afraid yet, though almost ready, to burst forth with all the concentrated strength of a Northern climate, compelled as it is to make up by rapid development for the shortness of its existence. In the midst of this still, yet strong, heaving of life, all around us the sudden puff of smoke bursting now from this and now from that cliff on the Broagerland coast, and the deep thunder following at more than a minute's interval upon every flash, nay, the very hissing, sizzling noise of the shells in the air seem scarcely to disharmonise with the loveliness of the happy scene, and strikes us almost as a mere play or spectacle got up with the idea of enhancing its beauty. Presently the sun has reached the meridian, and the Prussian strikes work to attend to the great business of the day. There is peace and silence at meal times, at his noontide dinner, and his Vieruhr-Brod. After eating he becomes torpid. The work of digestion puts him in good humour with the whole world. His pipe is relighted, and even if the cannon is reloaded the fire is slack and lazy, the cannonier visibly yawning, and even napping, between one discharge and another."

The same correspondent, writing on the 20th, notices the arrival at Sonderborg of a regiment of Danish guards from Copenhagen. He says:—

"A fine and large battalion of the King's Foot-guards, with their bearskins, and in their long and rough overcoats, have just this moment come in from Copenhagen. The supreme conflict that seems imminent will probably give them enough to do. I have walked along their whole line as they stood mustered up on the main street of the town, with their band of musicians at their head. They may be about 1,000 men, and better soldiers as to bulk, mien, bearing, and real physical strength I do not believe can be seen even among the crack regiments of the Queen's Household Brigade. Indeed, I think they 'beat the whole world' as to mere show, and I have no doubt the substance will, on a trial, be found to correspond with the appearance."

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* writes:—
"The health of the Austrian troops is less good than it was a fortnight ago, and many of the men are suffering from that disease of the skin for which sulphur is said to be a sovereign remedy. The boots which the Austrian soldiers had on when they first went to the north are so completely worn out that many of the men are reduced to the necessity of turning out in wooden shoes. The Hungarian soldiers, who are proud of their small feet and well-turned ankles, complain of the coarseness of the upper leather and the thickness of the soles of their newly-made boots, but it would appear that they are not ill-satisfied with their lot, for some of them inform their friends that they are very kindly treated by the Danes. Although some of the Hungarian soldiers understand so little German that they cannot speak with their officers in that language, they have already learnt to pronounce the following Danish words:—'Jeg elsker dig, min pige' ('I love you, my girl'), and 'Giv meg smørbrød og snaps' ('Give me some bread and butter and schnaps')."

General News.

A DEPLORABLE event which has just occurred near Vienna has created much excitement among the higher classes of that capital. A young countess, only seventeen years of age, niece of one of the highest State officials, shot herself through the body. In her possession was found a letter from her lover in which he stated that circumstances would not allow him to fulfil his promise to marry her, and that he therefore released her from her vows. The unfortunate young countess did not die immediately, but no hopes were entertained of her recovery.

In the German papers the Danes are accused of having deliberately poisoned the Austrian and Prussian soldiers on their entry into Horsens, Veile, and Skanderborg; but the truth now turns out to be that they accidentally poisoned themselves, for in greedily ransacking the shops in those towns for drink they actually mistook petroleum for brandy, and gulped down vinegar for wine. At the apothecaries' shops too they freely emptied the most inviting looking bottles, and thus spirits of wine, aqua fortis, and even spirits of turpentine, disappeared quickly in a wholesale manner. As neither party understood the language of the other, remonstrances and warnings were useless; but it is certainly not fair to charge the Danish shopkeepers with wilfully poisoning the enemies of their country.

We learn that the late William Makepeace Thackeray died without making a will. Letters of administration of his estate and effects have been granted to his two daughters. The personality was sworn under £20,000.

The War-office have liberally offered to grant a lease of the lands surrounding Pendennis Castle, Falmouth, for the use of the public, on condition of their being converted into recreation grounds, by the construction of carriage roads, promenades, &c. A committee is already formed, and £200 subscribed towards the £1,000 required to effect the object.

There is generally rather a noisy demonstration at the ballet at St. Petersburg on the last day of the carnival, which this year took the shape of an enthusiastic manifestation in favour of Mlle. Mouravieff, who appeared in "Flammitta," with Pepper's newly-imported ghosts. To say nothing of an immense number of bouquets, amounting, it is said, to nearly 200, some of enormous size, she received from her admirers a pair of brilliant earrings, a diamond star, a pair of bracelets, and, to crown all, some enthusiastic poet presented her with a copy of verses.

The *Pungolo* of Naples gives some particulars about the death of the notorious brigand chief Nino-Nanco. The captain of the National Guard of Avigliano, accompanied by the delegate and fifty National Guards, proceeded to the huts of Monte Marcone, where they perceived one of Nino-Nanco's spies, who was galloping away to warn him of their arrival. They succeeded in capturing him, and he, having declared that his chief was hiding in a cavern concealed by a haystack, they set fire to the latter. The smoke soon forced the brigands out of their retreat, and as they came out they were arrested. Nino-Nanco at length came out himself, with a carbine and a revolver in his hands; as he was looking about him to see whether there was any escape, a National Guard stunned him with a blow on the head, and another shot him dead.

BERLIN letters mention that Prince Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen has left for the seat of war, to endeavour to effect a reconciliation between Prince Frederick Charles and Marshal Wrangel, who have had several dissensions.

The *Patrie* announces the death of Vice-Admiral Penard, commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean experimental squadron, whose illness was recently announced. The deceased, who was born in 1800, entered the navy at the age of fourteen. He was made Lieutenant in 1828, and captain in 1838. In 1851, when in command of the *Eldorado* steamer, he accomplished a very perilous expedition in the *Cazamance* (Senegal), being then in command of the French squadron on that station. He was recalled in 1853, and named Director of the Cabinet at the Ministry of the Marine. In the following year he was appointed second in command in the squadron of reserve to the fleet in the East. He afterwards was named to the command of the Baltic squadron, and took part in the operations against Sweden and the Finland ports.

The Archbishop of York has been paying a visit to his native town, Whitehaven, Cumberland. This being the first time his grace has been there since his elevation to the archiepiscopal bench, the inhabitants turned out to do him honour. The volunteers were drawn up as a guard of honour when he went to church, and the clergy and churchwardens presented to his grace an address of congratulation in the course of the week. The archbishop, in replying to the address, expressed his appreciation of the goodwill evinced by the people, which he said was no common support to a person in his position. The office and duties of a bishop in these times were not free from difficulties, and looking at the future, he could not see that those difficulties were likely to be diminished.

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot for the purpose of erecting a memorial to the honour of Field-Marshal Viscount Combermere, G.C.B. G.O.H., to commemorate his long and distinguished services as a soldier. It is proposed to erect the memorial in Cheshire, in which county Combermere Abbey is situated. Lord Combermere, who has reached the age of eighty-four, holds the office of Constable of the Tower of London, and Custos Rotulorum of the Tower Hamlets, to which he was appointed on the death of the late Duke of Wellington.

The case of Julia Clarke, wife of a labouring man, of Deddington, Oxon, who on the 15th instant became the mother of three fine boys, has been brought under the notice of the Queen, who has been graciously pleased to forward a donation of £3, which the poor woman has received with much gratitude.

On Saturday evening the Sheffield Relief Fund at the Mansion House had amounted to upwards of £3,500.

SATURDAY last was the birthday of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. The royal duke completed his 45th year.

It is with unfeigned regret that we (*Hampshire Telegraph*) have to announce the intention of our esteemed borough member, Sir F. T. Baring, to retire from the representation of Portsmouth at the next general election.

ROMANTIC STORY.—By directions of the President, Private George Roland, of the 8th Rhode Island Artillery, has been released from the service. Roland, we understand, is an assumed name, and the person who bears it is the son of an English nobleman, with an income of ten thousand dollars a year. He came to this country about twelve months since on a tour of pleasure, with sufficient money to meet the expenses of a year's travel, but, falling among sharpers, was soon relieved of his well-filled purse, and while he was awaiting a remittance from home the draft took place in Rhode Island. Here was an opportunity to obtain money immediately by offering himself as a substitute, and he accepted it. In company with others he was forwarded to the 5th Regiment; but war had no charms for him, and he soon began to look out for the means of obtaining an honourable discharge. This, however, was no easy matter. Many were the suggestions offered by his comrades, but they all proved abortive. A few months since, upon promise of receiving a commission, he sacrificed a large sum of money, which was spent in raising a company of volunteers in New York. His plan was to accept the commission, and then resign. After the company was filled up, however, he failed to get the appointment. His case was finally made known to the President, and he has now received an honourable discharge.—*Providence (Rhode Island) Press*.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

At the request of numerous subscribers, we have this week introduced a new feature into the columns of the *Illustrated Weekly News*—that of the practical gardener—a feature which we shall occasionally illustrate by engravings, executed by our artists with their usual care. In addition to a calendar for the week for the kitchen, fruit and flower garden, we have engaged the services of an eminent botanist and horticulturist, who will answer all questions relative to gardening operations.

The late severe weather has militated much against out-door gardening; and many who had got their seeds well up and crops a little forward now find that the frosts have either nipped off the first shoots or turned them yellow. These will take time to recover; and many seeds and plants now got in will, on good soil, outstrip the early sowings. Still, the late severe frosts had not been calculated upon, and though one year we may have suffered, this is no reason we should not endeavour to get crops of all kinds in as early as possible. The only plan now to adopt is to make up for lost time, and proceed at once with the

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Sow artichokes in fine rich soil, and transplant when ready. They should be planted in an open situation. Jerusalem artichokes will thrive in any situation, or in any ordinary soil. They are cultivated the same as the potato, by planting the tubers (either whole or cut into sets) in rows thirty inches apart, and twelve inches distant in the rows. Where large tubers are required plenty of good rotted manure should be used.—Asparagus beds should have their spring dressing before the shoots begin to grow.—Cauliflower or lettuce may be planted between the beds.—Beans should be got in at once, and continue planting occasionally up to the end of May. To have good crops, they should be sown in drills three inches deep, six inches apart in the drills, and three feet between the rows. Taylor's Broad Windsor, Early Long Pod, Mackie's Monarch, and the Green Long Pod, or Genoa, are all good croppers.—Borecole or kale should be sown on a rich warm border. Care should be taken to protect the seeds from birds. Each variety should be kept apart and properly numbered. Brussels sprouts, a second sowing, if the first has been got in, if not, sow at once. Potatoes in improved dwarf is a good sort, very compact, folding over well, and producing in abundance the whole length of the stem. Cabbage should be sown and transplanted. Earh up early crops when the weather is favourable. Don't omit the hardy green colewort for succession, good for winter crops; also early York, early nonpareil, Sheppard's early marrow, Kemp's incomparable, and Sheppard's incomparable. Continue to make small sowings of cauliflowers, and continue planting out those preserved in frames. The early London and new early mammoth are especially good for general crops. Celery should be sown on a warm border, well sheltered. When ready, transplant on good manured ground, four inches apart, prior to final planting in trenches. Chervil, American, Normandy, and American cross, all good varieties, should also be got in. The American cross partakes much of the flavour of the water-cress, and is very hardy. When ready, the leaves should be constantly gathered, or the plants cut over, to keep a constant variety of young leaves—should be sown in drills, six inches apart. The Australian cross is also very hardy, larger, and more progressive than the common cross. Sow cucumbers for ridging out. Beds already made should be well looked after, adding fresh linings where the heat has gone. Garlics and shallots, as well as all kinds of herbs, should be sown and planted at once, or propagated by cuttings or divisions of the roots. Sow lettuce on a warm border, and plant out as soon as ready. The large Versailles have a good crisp flavour, a fine summer variety, not liable to run; also, the Brown Genoa, or Palatine; the No. 1 Plus Ultra, the Stouthead (the hardest in cultivation), and the Victoria. For winter use, the Hammermill hardy green is particularly recommended. Onions should be sown for main crop, if not got in before. Sow broadcast in beds, four to five feet wide, with eighteen inch alleys, or in drills nine inches apart, to be better enabled to keep clean by hoeing during the summer months. A good sowing of parsley should be made. A liberal sprinkling of soot in wet weather adds to the vigour of the plant. The curled varieties are in most request; transplanting improves the plants. Peas require a deep, rich soil, well trenched. There is no ground lost by sowing peas a good distance from row to row, as by this means the sides of the rows have the benefit of light and air, and consequently a greater number of pods. We last year saw peas planted six feet between the rows. Each row was trenched about nine inches deep. A slight layer of dung was laid in the trench, and on this the peas were sown in the usual manner, and slightly covered with earth. As the peas began to grow the sides of the trench were thrown in, in like manner to celery. The result was that some sorts, only calculated to grow from four to five feet high, rose to eight feet, giving forth a crop three times the quantity per row as those sown three feet apart. In the meantime a couple of rows of spinach had been sown and cut from between during the growth of the peas. The Auerger, although ordinarily growing to five feet, very prolific and of good quality, by the above simple means, grew to above eight feet.—Potatoes should also be planted at once—that is, the main crop, if not done already.—Radishes may now be sown every week for succession. Protect from frost at night, and birds during the day.—Rhubarb, spinach, and sea-kale should also be sown on light ground and protected from the cold.—As to turnips, the early Dutch or Stone, also the Snowball are good varieties to get in. Thin the plants early, and keep the ground well open with the hoe.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—Plant out alpine on rockwork. Sow hardy sorts of annuals on borders, and tender sorts in heat. Pot off the autumn sown. Plant where biennials and perennials are to flower. Pot pinks and carnations for blooming, and protect from heavy rains; plant out where they are to remain in flower. Propagate dahlias by dividing the roots. Sow seeds of double Indian pinks, and plant out and top-dress autumn-planted beds. Finish transplanting roses, and prune them for late flowering. Sow ten-week and German stocks for transplanting in open ground. Support the stems of tulips as they advance, and protect from frosts.

THE FRUIT GARDEN.—Finish pruning gooseberries and currants. Look well to grafting. See that the clay does not crack or fall off. Rub off useless shoots of vines. Prune, nail, and protect wall trees. Remove the covering in fine weather. Plant strawberries, and finish spring dressing of old beds.

A HINT TO GROWERS OF CELERY.—A grower of celery who has been much troubled with celery fly, and has suffered considerable loss from the attacks of snails and grubs, which abound in his clay soil, has discovered a simple method of putting all his enemies *hors de combat*, and securing the finest celery ever seen. He trenches and manures in the usual way, but instead of moulding up with the soil of the place, uses nothing but cocoa-nut fibre refuse for banking. The result is a clean crop, all alike throughout, with not a speck or blemish, and after the refuse is removed it is in a prime condition of rottenness to mix in composts for ferns, orchids, fuchsias, &c., &c. We have seen potatoes grown in the refuse, with well-manured loam underneath for the roots to work in, and the tubers came out so clean that they looked more like wax models of potatoes, and not a diseased or pierced specimen amongst them.—*Hibbard's Garden Oracle*, 1864.

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW ON EASTER MONDAY.

Our readers will find, on pages 660 and 661, illustrations of this great annual event.

The sun on Monday morning shone out brightly and warm, but there was withal "a nipping and an eager air" that made one feel that March was not going out quite lamb-like. Still the flags danced gaily in its refreshing breezes, and carried far and wide the enlivening strain of the bands. As the volunteers marched over the bridge and up the rise of the High-street, Guildford, both town and troops were seen to great advantage, but many a volunteer must have contrasted it regretfully with the march on bygone Easter Mondays along the Marine-parade at Brighton.

The brigading of the troops on Shalford-common deserves a brief notice. The march of about a mile and a-half from Guildford to Shalford, through a charming country, was accomplished in excellent order, and the men halted on the common, where extensive refreshment booths had been fitted up for their especial accommodation.

The battalions from Waterloo, and from Surrey, Hants, and Berks, were brigaded on the western part of the common, facing the north, with their right resting on the road to Blackheath. These, with a proportion of artillery, constituted the 1st Division. The battalions from London-bridge, Kent, and Sussex, were brigaded in the order of their arrival at the eastern extremity of Shalford-common, in columns at quarter distance right in front, also facing the north, and, with the rest of the artillery, composed the 2nd Division.

The battalions, thus drawn up in columns on each side of the road at about 11.15, presented a very martial aspect. The weather, which from the beginning had been very unpropitious, was now lowering in the extreme, and the prospect of a wet jacket was imminent. Under a brisk breeze, however, the threatening deluge appeared to be averted for a time, and the corps proceeded on their march in high spirits after a short halt. On reaching Wonsersham-common the little army was divided into attacking and defending forces, and ascended the hill, which is surmounted from Blackheath by different routes.

For the execution of volunteer manoeuvres, Blackheath is decidedly inferior to Brighton Downs. The heath does not possess the extent and variety of undulation which belongs to the latter spot, and its surface is covered with so high and thick a heather that the employment of cavalry is out of the question. Owing to this circumstance the review of Monday was conspicuous by the absence of that important arm, and it consequently lost much of the value for several purposes which it might otherwise have possessed.

The sham fight began at half-past one o'clock, and continued till four, for the most part under a pretty constant fall of rain.

As regards the movements and general performance of the troops they do not present much subject for comment in point of military strategy. Viewed in detail, however, they afforded many and distinguished illustrations of the increasing proficiency of our volunteer force. Their formation in line and square, their marching in columns, their file and company firing were in general excellent, while their energy and endurance of fatigue, after the slender repose of the previous night or two, and under the depressing influence of torrents of rain which began to fall almost from the beginning of the "sham fight," were most creditable to them.

At four o'clock the general in command ordered a "march past," which accordingly took place before General Pennefather and his staff, in excellent style, considering the disadvantage of the ground.

General Pennefather, Sir E. Luard, and Colonel M'Murdo rode over the ground shortly before ten o'clock, and were very enthusiastically received.

The return of the volunteers to town was conducted with great order and despatch.

SPINNING WITHOUT TOW.—At a communion in the west of Scotland, as a verbose preacher was addressing the congregation, one by one his ministerial brethren dropped out of the chapel into the vestry. As the last one who left put his head into the vestry those who preceded him inquired if the prolix speaker had not yet done with his address. "Weel," said he, "his tow's dune lang syne, but he's spinnin' awa' yet."—*Glasgow Gazette*.

ESCAPE FROM NOTTINGHAM GAOL.—On Thursday, between five and six o'clock p.m., W. Wright, a convict undergoing five years' penal servitude for stealing a cow, escaped from the above gaol in a manner almost unparalleled for its daring. He had been set to clean the windows, and while doing so he managed to scale the back wall looking into Narrow Marsh. From this wall he fell, at the imminent risk of his life, on to the roof of the houses below, a distance of ten yards. The force of the fall precipitated him completely through the roof, and he fell into one of the bedrooms of Mrs. Reynolds's house, in Narrow Marsh. Here he lay stunned for several minutes, leaving behind him traces of blood and part of the prison dress he wore. He then went down stairs, and passed through the shop, to the intense astonishment of its occupants, into the street. Being a stranger in the town he seems to have been rather bewildered. Instead of quietly entering one of the numerous lodging-houses in the neighbourhood, he ran about the streets, and being without clothing except his trousers, he was soon perceived. He was at once pursued, and after a very severe chase captured by detective officer Goulding, on the roof of some malt-rooms in Poplar. His teeth were knocked out, and he was thoroughly exhausted. He was then conveyed back to the gaol.—*Doncaster and Nottingham Gazette*.

A WEDDING ADVENTURE.—A somewhat novel but rather humorous scene took place yesterday forenoon, in St. John's-lane, Newcastle. A happy couple having just been united in the "holy bonds," were accompanied by their friends, proceeding along the thoroughfare in question, apparently on their way to the Central Station, when the party was suddenly interrupted in their progress by an occurrence which scarcely formed any part of their programme as to the manner in which they should spend the day. From the tone of the proceedings which subsequently took place it would appear that the bride had been blessed with what is familiarly known as "two strings to her bow," and that as it was very evident she could not marry both, she had "taken to the one and despised the other." The rejected suitor, not being inclined to allow his more successful rival to go off altogether with flying colours, came also to town—the whole party belonging to some of the neighbouring pit districts—and waylaid the wedding party, as already described, on their way from the church. With a "few introductory remarks" of a character more vehement than polite, the discarded but ill-advised lover at once commenced to give his more favoured rival a "striking illustration of the esteem in which he held him, by giving him a blow on the facial organ, which sent him staggering a pace or two. The bridegroom did not seem at all to relish this sort of treatment, and was evidently debating within himself the propriety of returning the salute, when the bride, with a "decision of character" which at once won the applause of the bystanders, let the intruder have "one fair from the shoulder," and, before he could recover his surprise at such an unexpected turn in the affair, she followed it by bringing her "ten commandments" down his face with a vigour that left an impression on him at least—anything but enviable. Surprised, chagrined, and defeated, the cowardly assailant soon showed the "white feather," and made off amid the hisses and execrations of the crowd, the wedding party resuming their course to the station, en route for their home, which, it is to be hoped, they reached without any further interruption.—*Newcastle Chronicle*.



VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT FARLEY HEATH.—THE ARTILLERY PREPARING TO TAKE UP POSITION. (See page 659.)



VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT FARLEY HEATH.—SKIRMISHING, FIRING, AND RETIRING AT THE DOUBLE. (See page 659.)



VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT FARLEY HEATH ON EASTER MONDAY.—SKIRMISHERS, WITH SUPPORTS ADVANCING. (See page 659.)

NAVAL BATTLE.

THE Danish Minister of Marine has published the following report received from Admiral Van Dookum, who commands the blockading squadron, on the subject of the naval engagement of the 17th:—

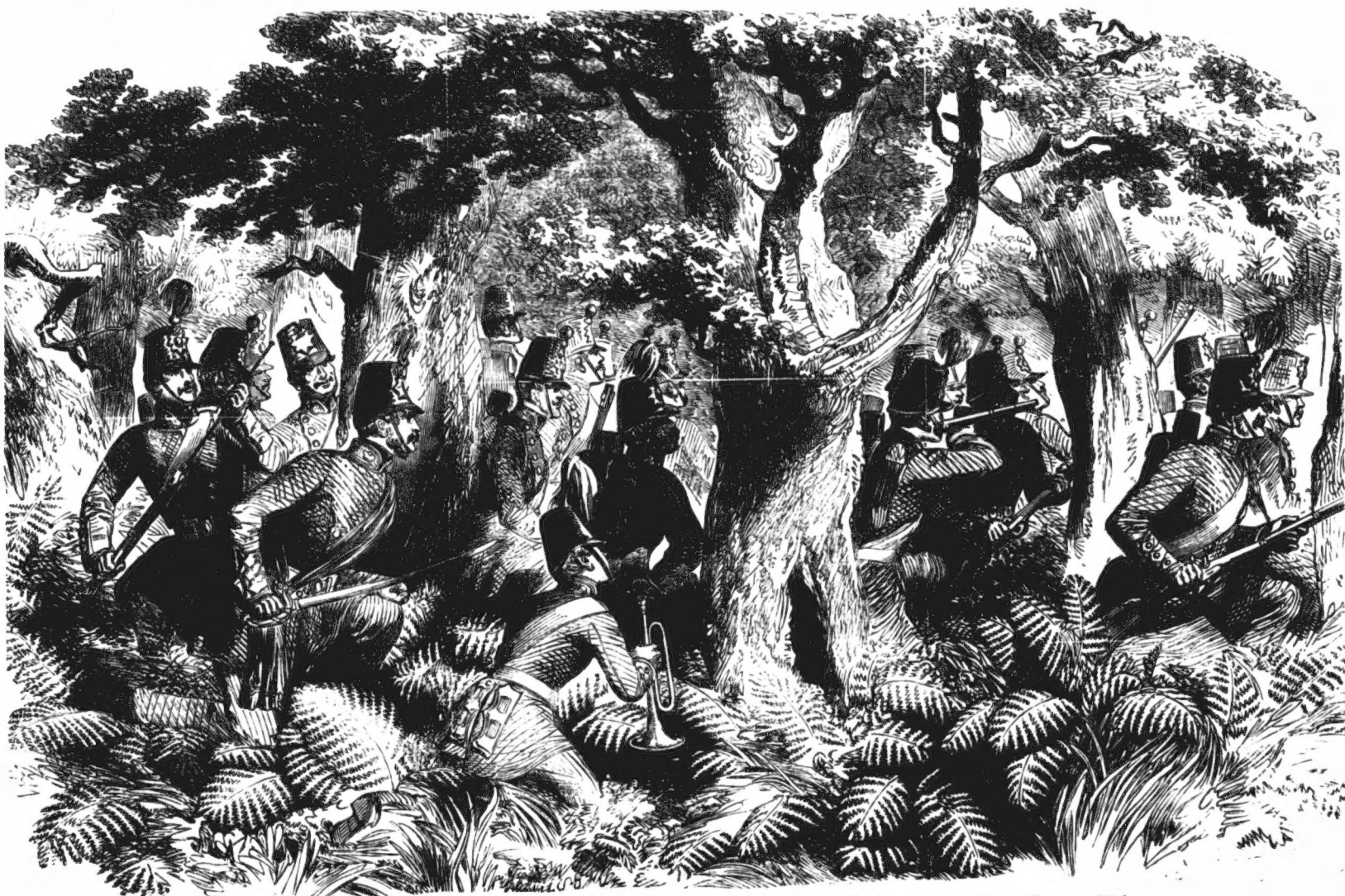
"The chief of the squadron stationed in the eastern part of the Baltic was near Grisevalde, when two Prussian steam-corvettes (the *Aroona* and the *Nymphe*) and the paddle wheel steamer *Lorely* were seen coming from the south. The *Belande* frigate, followed by the rest of the squadron, went towards the enemy's vessels, and

supported by the *Skjold* line-of-battle ship commenced the attack. The Prussian vessels, while still continuing their fire, retired into the port of Swinemunde. The combat lasted two hours. Six Prussian gun-boats which made their appearance off Peerd did not take any part in the engagement. The *Belande* had three men killed and nineteen wounded. The other vessels sustained no loss."

The *Baltic Gazette* publishes the ensuing from Swinemunde:—
"The *Nymphe* received about twelve shots in her starboard side, most of them from spent balls. She had a broadside from the line-of-battle ship, and at the same time one from the frigate. The

Aroona has experienced very trifling injury. The *Nymphe* had the most dangerous position, as she contended at the same time with three frigates and a line-of-battle ship. She will require at least a week to repair her damages. The commandants and the officers showed the greatest coolness during the whole affair, and the courage of the crews is worthy of the highest praise."

Mr. SOTHERN will shortly attempt an impersonation of David Garrick, in a three-act piece, which has been written expressly for him.



VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT FARLEY HEATH.—EASTER MONDAY.—THE ENEMY IN THE WOOD. (See page 659.)

THE PEOPLE'S EDITION OF
SHAKSPEARE,
ILLUSTRATED.
TWO COMPLETE PLAYS IN EVERY NUMBER.
ONE PENNY.

No. 1, to be published on Wednesday, April 13th, will contain
"HAMLET" AND "OTHELLO,"
WITH PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE, AND TWO ENGRAVINGS.
ONE PENNY THE TWO PLAYS.

No. 2, to be published on Wednesday, April 20th, will contain
THE "WINTER'S TALE" AND THE "TEMPEST,"
WITH TWO ENGRAVINGS.
ONE PENNY THE TWO PLAYS.

NOTICE.—The whole thirty-seven Plays, with Life and Portrait of the Author, will be complete in Nineteen Penny Numbers. Ask for the People's Edition.

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"SHAKSPEARE" FOR THE MILLIONS.

The celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson very justly observed that "Shakspeare had long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit." His name has become immortal; and his works, as they have descended from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission. The secret of this marvellous success is that Shakspeare is, above all others, the poet of nature, ever holding up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. He has, moreover, united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow, not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and in the development of their plot, sometimes produce gravity and sadness, and sometimes merriment and laughter. Thus, throughout all time, must the popularity of Shakspeare endure; and the fame of the Bard of Avon will go down to the latest posterity. At this present moment, especially, is the image of the poet in every mind, and his name upon every tongue. The month of April, now at hand, marks the three hundredth anniversary of his birth. The event is to be celebrated in divers ways in different places;—but it would appear as if the most becoming and suitable method of commemoration in this case would be the placing of the poet's works within the reach of the great masses of the population.

Hence the idea of

AN EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE
FOR
THE MILLIONS;

to be got up in the most elegant style, and issued at the cheapest possible price.

In fulfilment of this design, the Public are respectfully informed that on Wednesday, April 13, the First Number will be ready for delivery, Price One Penny. It will consist of sixty-four pages of letter-press, and two engravings, and contain

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK;
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

This number will be offered as a specimen of those which are to follow. The entire work, comprising the whole thirty-seven Plays, will be completed in eighteen numbers, Price One Penny each, thus forming the cheapest and most attractive edition of Shakspeare's dramas ever issued from the press.

No. 1, in illustrated coloured wrapper, with a portrait of the great poet. Price One Penny. Give early orders.
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HOGARTH'S PICTURES.

There are few persons who are unacquainted with the name of that great artist, who may have been said to *write* rather than *paint* with the brush; but there are vast numbers to whom his admirable works are completely unknown. That this class of persons should desire to have a knowledge of those master-pieces of art is natural enough; and it is somewhat a matter of astonishment that the spirit of enterprise should not have already placed them within the reach of "the millions." There can be no doubt that the merits of these pictures would be universally appreciated, in the poorest cottages as they have long been in the proudest mansions; and if cheap literature places the works of the great master of dramatic writing in the hands of the humblest purchaser, it assuredly may accomplish the same in respect to the equally great master of dramatic painting. For as SHAKSPEARE stands at the head of one school, so does HOGARTH occupy the loftiest pedestal in the other; and the latter has displayed with the pencil as much versatility of genius as the former has shown with the pen in illustrating the familiar scenes of life.

These few observations are prefatory to the announcement of the immediate publication of a

CHEAP EDITION
OF THE

WORKS OF WILLIAM HOGARTH;

to be issued in Weekly Penny Numbers and Monthly Sixpenny Parts. Each Weekly Number will contain eight large quarto pages, two Pictures, with descriptive letter-press from the pen of one of the most eminent authors of the day.

The Monthly Parts will be issued in illustrated coloured wrappers, and may be sent free by post for an extra penny.

The work will be got up in the handsomest style, no expense being spared to produce engravings worthy of the great originals. A fine paper will be used; and altogether, the volume, when complete, will be a perfect miracle of beauty and of cheapness.

Hogarth's subjects are chosen from common life, amongst all classes of society, in his own country, and in his own time. His style may be characterised as "the satirical,"—the satire being sometimes humorous and comic, sometimes grave, bitter and tragic. His comic-satirical vein may be seen in the Enraged Musician, the March to Finchley, Beer Lane, &c.;—his tragico-satirical vein is exemplified in the Harlot's Progress, the Rake's Progress, Gin Lane, &c. The series of Industry and Idleness and of Marriage à la Mode contain pictures in both these veins. In all his works, Hogarth unmercifully chastises and lays bare the vices and weaknesses of mankind, and displays them with the cruellest minuteness. At the same time he never departs so widely from nature as to mar the effect of his composition.

OBSERVE!—On Wednesday, April 20th, Number 1 will be issued in an illustrated coloured wrapper, containing the Portrait of Hogarth, and the first two Pictures of the Series entitled *Marriage à la Mode*, with four large quarto pages of descriptive letter-press. Price One Penny.

* It is particularly requested that intending purchasers will give their orders early to their respective booksellers, and that the booksellers themselves will adopt the proper precaution to ensure an adequate supply, so that no disappointment may be experienced in any quarter.

In small or remote places, where a difficulty arises in obtaining cheap serial publications, any intending purchaser may forward seven postage-stamps to the publisher, in order to receive the Monthly Part through the post.

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A TALE OF SORROW.

This New and Beautiful Story will commence in No. 74 of
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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
D.	D.	A. M.	P. M.
2	S	9 45	10 30
3	S	10 12	11 46
4	M	0 17	1 8
5	T	0 44	1 54
6	W	1 33	2 15
7	T	2 15	2 38
8	F	2 59	3 20

Moon's changes.—New Moon, 6th, 1h. 49m. a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

AFTERNOON.

Num. 16; St. John 21.

Num. 22; Heb. 5

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*. All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 2s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313 Strand.

CANCELLING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from newsvendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 3d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent misarrangement of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

*. Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

G. C.—Midshipmen in the merchant service do not receive any pay until they have been several voyages and attained the rank of mate. They have to pay a premium for each of the first three or four voyages. There is no rule in respect to age at the time of their admission; but twenty-one is rather too old to begin.

WILLIAM G.—It is Mr. Eaden, the solicitor, No. 10, Gray's-lane-square, who is employed to discover the heir to the property. You had better communicate with him at once. Send him full particulars of your claim. We believe that there are three or four other claimants already. It seems, from what we have heard, that you have rightly described the property.

M. M.—According to the most authoritative computations, there are about two hundred and seventy millions of Christians on the face of the earth, and about one hundred millions of Mahomedans. The population of the globe is estimated at about eight hundred and fifty millions.

W. U. J.—We do not think that Friday is any more unlucky than any other day. Ill luck is generally nothing but the natural consequence of inattention to one's interests.

T. F. F.—An ordinary case of divorce costs about £30. Your's seem to be one of these. Apply to Mr. Eaden, the solicitor. See answer to WILLIAM G.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE story of the Danish war has become exactly the story of all other wars of recent times. After a few preliminary combats it settles down into a siege. So it has always been of late in Europe, in Asia, and in America. The Crimean war was as completely one long siege as the Trojan war. The war in India turned upon the siege of Delhi. The Italian war, had it continued, would have produced the sieges of the Quadrilateral. The campaign in Southern Italy resolved itself into the siege of Gaeta. In America the great centres of military operations have been Vicksburg and Charleston, and now Admiral Farragut is trying his strength on Mobile. The war in Schleswig is running a course precisely similar. The story is all of bastions, redoubts, earthworks, batteries, guns, cannonades, and bombardments. The trial of strength is now between artillery and fortifications; the proportions of armies go for little in the match. Probably there is no place so strong as to be proof against military engineering, and the guns which the Prussians have been so laboriously bringing up may soon be more than a match for the defences of Dybbol. But that is of little moment. The great point was time, and that has been gained. These fortifications compelled the invaders to halt, to send to the rear for heavy artillery and munitions, and to make tedious and costly preparations for action of another kind. The war entered a new phase, in which the advantage ceased, for a season, to be on the side of the Germans. A fort enables a small army to resist or delay a large one, and this has been done to good purpose at Dybbol. It is quite conceivable that such an incident might have changed the issue of the war. Had the Danes, for instance, been a people as strong as their enemies, but overtaken by surprise, this halt of the invaders would have enabled them to bring up their forces and repel the invasion. It has actually exposed the Germans to the risk of what might happen in their rear—a risk which they themselves, at any rate, thought by no means inconsiderable. The extraordinary rapidity with which they advanced at first was explained by their extreme solitude to shorten the war and reduce the chances of its extension, and precisely in proportion to their disappointment on this head has been the gain of Denmark. It is possible enough that if the allies had seen this compulsory suspension of their operations for so many weeks the invasion might never have been attempted. All this is the result of a couple of strong positions—not impregnable, nor, perhaps, absolutely formidable if attacked with commensurate means, but still strong enough to bring to a halt an army which might otherwise have swept the country from end to end. The lesson should not be lost upon us. Fortifications have not been rendered useless by the progress of artillery; indeed, they have gained this advantage from the new discoveries—that, whereas fixed batteries can certainly be mounted with the heaviest guns invented, it does not follow that such ordnance can as easily be brought against them. The Prussians are employing heavier cannon than have ever yet been employed in the attack, except by Americans. Their breaching batteries, nominally of 24-pounders, throw conical shells of 56lb. weight. We had no such guns, with the exception of three or four 68-pounders, at Sebastopol, and the Prussian artillery really seems to be establishing a marked reputation. Still, for all this, the fortified places are doing their work. They have put an end to the rush with which the war was carried on at first, they have given time for accidents or diversions, and if they are taken it will only be at a heavy cost imposed upon the captors. Some calculations made of this cost are curious. These fine Prussian guns cannot

be discharged under £1 a shot; and, as nearly 800 guns will be required for the siege of Dybbol, and each piece will have to be fired, in all probability, about 700 times, it follows that £210,000 will be expended at this one point in ammunition alone. Then there is the charge for transport—that is to say, for bringing about 10,000 tons of material up to this remote corner of the North. From all this we conclude that the utility of fortifications is in no degree impaired, either by the improvements in artillery or the general revolution in military tactics. Strong places still arrest an enemy, and the arrest of an enemy may be the turning point of a war. If it be urged that the invaders should have brought their siege trains with them, the reply is that in that case their first rush could never have been made. The service rendered by a fortified post is this, that it compels an enemy either to encumber his advance with heavy impediments, or to halt till this ponderous apparatus can follow him. Strong places cannot be attacked except from a base of operations, and by proceedings which are necessarily slow. This gives time for all the infinite chances of a campaign. We seemed at one time to be escaping from these conditions of war, but a glance at the world's history since the termination of the thirty years' peace will show at once that they have undergone no change.

THE annual volunteer review on Monday was another great success, and a significant fact. It is not merely that London can send forth in a morning 12,000 well armed and well organized soldiers, for that, in fact, is but a portion of the metropolitan volunteer force. It is not merely that the counties adjacent can add 6,000 troops to these, for that contingent also could be largely increased on any special call. The remarkable thing is that a festive muster on a general holiday, attended only by those whose convenience or arrangements it may happen to suit, should represent a force of such imposing character when measured by standards of earlier days. At the same time other musters of almost equal strength might be going on in other parts of the kingdom. At any of the great centres of population a volunteer army might be promptly turned out as well disciplined and as numerous as that which was reviewed at Guildford. It is only by thus looking at a particular detachment in its representative character that we can properly appreciate what is meant by a volunteer force of 150,000 men. The meaning of that official return is that seven or eight such armies as that which was arrayed at Guildford might also be arrayed at the same moment in various parts of the kingdom. All those long lines of troops, those solid columns, and those seemingly interminable companies, do but represent a fraction of the force available at a day's notice for the support of the regular army in the defence of these islands. The numbers are no longer insignificant, even if measured by Continental standards; nor is it a slight thing to see that three divisions of troops numbering about 6,000 men each can be mustered from a comparatively small area, and carried to the same spot, at the same time, without the least inconvenience, tumult, or difficulty. The French troops, we know, are regularly exercised in such proceedings, and are taught how to get to a railway station, file on to the platform, and take their seats in the carriages without trouble, confusion, or loss of time. It used to be said that the soldiers won battles not so much by their arms as by their legs. In these days railways save a great deal of marching, but they also render necessary a good deal of fresh practice. Half the value of these communications might be lost by the derangements incidental to unpunctuality or confusion. The first volunteer corps was raised in the year 1850, and ever since that time the institution has flourished in unimpaired and unflinching vigour. It has not declined with the novelty of the idea, nor has it been dropped after a brief acquaintance. It has survived all the trials inseparable from such systems, and now remains as efficient and productive as ever. It has proved, in short, a complete success. It suits the habits of the people, and it supplies apparently an outlet for their active tastes which was formerly lacking. Before long, perhaps, we may begin to wonder what the young generation could have done with themselves when there were no volunteer corps to invite recruits, no rifle matches to encourage skill, no parades to discipline the body, and no military exercises to divert the mind. Take away the volunteers from any country town at this moment, and you would take away almost all that gives life to the place and supplies relief and recreation after the toil of business.

A MARRIAGE WITHOUT A MINISTER.—At Glasgow, on Monday, says the *North British Mail*, a long betrothed couple intended being joined together in the "holy bonds," but at the last hour found themselves embarrassed by the fact that the bridegroom had not resided the legal period in this country. He had, ignorant of the requirements of the Scotch law, left England last week, and arrived in Glasgow, anticipating no difficulty in the way of being at once married. The want of domicile qualification appeared, however, an insurmountable barrier, and business preventing a long stay in the country, he seemed likely to return to England alone, a sadder and a wiser man. A lawyer was applied to, as being the most likely person to solve the dilemma arising from the law; and though, as Shakspeare says, "marriage is a matter of more worth than to be dealt in by attorneyship," the perplexed bridegroom found that the assistance of a shrewd lawyer was everything on the occasion. The friends of the bride and bridegroom having assembled in the dining hall of the Bedford Hotel at noon, the bride, accompanied by Mr. W. M. Wilson, writer, was introduced, and the affianced parties having been arranged, the exchange of matrimonial consent was duly accredited, "confirmed by mutual joinder of hands, attested by the holy close of lips, and strengthened by the interchange of rings." The narrative of this ceremony was then served before witnesses, and the parties and witnesses then proceeded to the County Buildings, to wait upon Sir Archd. Allison. The sheriff at the time was deeply engaged in the decision of a case of great importance, but on Mr. Wilson explaining the peculiar circumstances of the occasion, and on seeing the bride, who was gifted with a more than ordinary dower of beauty, looking all the more engaging from the natural timidity arising from her unusual position, he gallantly consented. The previous contract of marriage having been formally attested by two witnesses, Sir Archibald, by sign manual, certified the fact, and that the registrar of the Klythwood district was entitled to register them as married persons accordingly. The married couple, with their friends, thereupon proceeded to the office of Mr. Struthers, and having been duly registered, shortly afterwards started for London.

HOW TO CURE THE TOOTHACHE.—There is a dentist in Russia who gets his patients to pronounce his name, which instantaneously draws out the tooth that ails, carrying with it two or three others.—*American Paper.*

THE DREADFUL INUNDATION AT SHEFFIELD.

With this week present the readers of the *Penny Illustrated Weekly News* with more pictorial representations of incidents and scenes connected with the recent inundation near Sheffield. The cuts Nos. 1 and 2, in the front page, illustrate the searching for dead bodies, after the flood, amidst the ruins caused by the rush of waters, and the scene at Lady-bridge during the catastrophe. Cuts No. 3, 4, 5, and 6, on page 364, represent the ruins of the corn-mill opposite the barracks; the cart, containing coffins, wending its dismal way on its sad journey; a scene of destruction near the corn-mill; and the exterior of the National Infant School. Our artist has also produced in illustration 7, on the same page, one amongst many of those heartrending and appalling incidents which struck terror into the stoutest hearts. It is that of a family resident at Malin-bridge, whose house was swept away in the flood, leaving the father struggling with death in the waters, whilst his wife and children were witnesses of the fearful spectacle. Illustration No. 8, on page 365, is a faithful picture of Philadelphia Island, with persons dragging for dead bodies, and represents the terrible sufferings at this spot by the calamity.

The committee have received the following subscriptions from members of the royal family:—From the Prince of Wales, £200; the Princess of Wales, £50; the Duke of Cambridge, £50. Miss Amy Sedgwick has sent £50. Mons. A. Mille, the engineer-in-chief of bridges and causeways to the Government in France, arrived from Paris to examine into the cause of the bursting of the reservoir.

The inquest on the bodies of those who were swept away by the flood has been concluded at Sheffield. Mr. Leather, who prepared the plans and specifications for the construction of the reservoir, Mr. Gunson, the resident engineer, Mr. R. Rawlinson, the Government engineer, and Nathaniel Beardmore, civil engineer, London, who assisted Mr. Rawlinson in an examination of the reservoir, were the principal witnesses. In the course of his examination, Mr. Rawlinson made the following remarks. He said: Mr. Holmes has got a map, and has coloured the entire tract affected by the flood. He has also ascertained that the total fall of the river was 450 feet from the Bradfield reservoir to Owlerton, or seventy-two feet per mile; and he has calculated that the velocity of the flood was no less than eighteen miles per hour, or twenty-six and a-half feet per second, approaching an area of the cross sections between the same points of 3,780 feet, or 40,170 cubic feet of water passing every second. This rate would empty the reservoir in forty-seven minutes. The force of the water was really tremendous, and perfectly inconceivable. There are six and a quarter gallons in a cubic foot of water, being 10 lbs. per gallon, or 67 lbs. per foot. The velocity of the flood was something awful, and after the dam burst not even a Derby horse could have carried the warning in time to save the people in the valley. The jury, without troubling the coroner to sum up, returned the following verdict:—"We find that Thomas Elston came to his death by drowning in the inundation caused by the bursting of the Bradfield reservoir on the morning of the 12th March instant. That in our opinion there has not been that engineering skill and that attention to the construction of the works which their magnitude and their importance demand. That in our opinion the legislature ought to take such action as will result in the Government inspection of all works of this character, and that such inspection shall be frequent, sufficient, and regular. That we cannot separate without expressing our deep regret at the fearful loss of life which has occurred from the disruption of the Bradfield reservoir."

The committee of sufferers by the late flood have obtained the opinion of Sir H. Cairns, Q.C., and of Mr. Brown, of the common law bar, to the effect that the company are liable to make compensation to every person, without distinction of class, who has sustained any legal damage or injury by the flood in question; and the learned counsel think it clear that section 68 of the Act of 1853 imposes this liability upon the company without proof of negligence on their part, and though there should have been no negligence; and further, that the sufferers can only take the property of the company in satisfaction so far as it will go. They cannot touch the property of individual shareholders, or sue them, except that those shareholders who have not paid up the full amount of their shares may be made to do so under the 8th and 9th Vic., cap 16, sec. 36.

"THE DAY AND THE NIGHT."

Lines on the recent sad calamity at Sheffield.

Busy and gay was the scene in the town,
One stream went up, the other went down;
Life in its active phases was seen,
Like as on many a day it had been.

So was it now in the day.

Night had come on, and the scene now had changed,
Everything seemed as if nicely arranged,
That quiet and rest might be happily blest
To the townsfolk who all had retired to rest.

So it was now in the night.

Suddenly came a dread stream through the town,
Death and destruction o'er all bearing down,
Quick from their sleep to eternity swept
Hundreds of souls as they peacefully slept.

So was it now in the night.

When the morn came o'er the fatal-struck scene,
Frightfully changed now from what it had been,
Weeping and wailing, and horror and fright,
Told the sad tale by the broad daylight.

So it was now in the day.

Now that the news doth the country appal,
Now that so many have quite lost their all,
We from our hearts and our purses should lend
Aid such as we to those poor can extend.

Be it so now in the day.

BEDFORD REUTER.

BIRTH OF A CAMEL IN MANCHESTER.—On Wednesday morning, at eight o'clock, a double-humped Bactrian camel, in the collection of Messrs. Sanger, at the circus, in Portland-street, gave birth to a fine male calf. This is believed to be only the second instance of the birth of a camel of this species in this country. The first occurred at the Zoological-gardens, Regent's park, London; but the dam did not take kindly to her offspring, which could not be reared in consequence. In the present case, the parent at first took little or no notice of the calf, except to make an attempt to bite it; but this arose, probably, from her own indisposition. A little kindness and attention, however, altered her temper; and then she took kindly to the young camel and suckled it, having an abundant supply of milk. Up to last night both were doing quite well. Soon after its birth the calf was measured and weighed. It was three feet six inches in height, and it weighed 58 lb. Like the mother, it is brown in colour, except the humps, which are black. In the calf, however, the humps are unformed; the parts where they will grow are only indicated by small patches of thin, loose skin, resembling oil-skin, and in size bearing no proportion to the bulk attained by the humps in the full-grown camel.—*Manchester Courier.*

EXPLOSION AT A ROYAL ARTILLERY LABORATORY AND ELEVEN MEN KILLED.

The *Quebec Morning Chronicle*, of the 5th instant, contains a long account of a disastrous explosion which had occurred at the Royal Artillery Laboratory in Quebec:—"In the middle of the day, without a moment's warning, eleven human beings were launched into eternity by the blowing up of the laboratory connected with the Royal Artillery Barracks, Quebec, three who were in the building at the time escaping almost by miracle, although severely injured. The building which was the scene of the explosion was a low stone erection of recent date, with walls of some three feet in thickness, and in every other respect strongly built, situated within the enclosure known as the Lower Park. At the time of its destruction it was used as a laboratory by the Royal Artillery in garrison. Within the same enclosure there is another building surrounded by a wall and used as a magazine. Immediately opposite the spot where the explosion occurred there is a long building, used for the storage of field guns and heavy stores and tools. At twenty minutes to twelve, persons throughout the Upper Town heard two slight explosions, followed by a terrific shock, which caused dwellings to vibrate to their foundations, and sent window-glass, broken into minute fragments, flying in showers into the streets. It was only at a comparatively short distance from the scene of the disaster that the first shocks were heard; but the grand explosion was terrific, and made itself felt far and near throughout the city and its environs. The sound was short and sharp, but of intense loudness. The echoes which it caused to reverberate as the sound sped rapidly towards the heights on the opposite shores of the St. Lawrence and St. Charles, heightened the alarm. Persons who were in the streets and chanced to look upwards saw in the direction of St. John's Gate a volume of white smoke shooting straight up into the heavens, which in a moment were darkened by the millions of fragments projected upwards with awful force, and driven far over the city in the direction of the river. In the streets the panic became general. Horses bolted in all directions from the criers' stands. Pedestrians rushed in the direction of the supposed scene of the accident or ran frantically towards their homes. Fragments of stones, pieces of beams and joists, portions of the tin covering of the laboratory roof, artillery tools—say, even the shivered shreds of the unfortunate victims had fallen into the streets within a few seconds after the great explosion. The debris came down in a shower, and it is only surprising that fatal injuries did not result from this cause. It appears the working party in the building were engaged in the duty of discharging or destroying defective fuses, and making new ones. There were fourteen persons in the building at the time, viz., Captain Mahon, R.A., fire-master; Corporal Brayshaw, the laboratory foreman; Mr. Hawkins, ordnance foreman; Private Flanagan, 17th Regiment; James Doolan, ordnance labourer; and Gunners Morant, Russell, Bruce, Elmer, Finn, Lewis, Thompson, Baxter, and Barr, of the Royal Artillery. One of the men, it is stated, was immediately outside the door destroying a fuse, when, instead of its contents discharging forward they discharged backwards, and ignited some of the powder inside. The first indication of danger to those inside the laboratory was the flash of the ignited powder, followed by an explosion. Gunner Morant, one of the survivors, raised his hands to his eyes and attempted to run to the door. The great explosion took place; he lost consciousness, but was fortunately blown altogether clear of the building, where he was taken up alive, although suffering from injuries sustained. Captain Mahon and Corporal Brayshaw were also blown out, and thus fortunately escaped death. Captain Mahon's escape was really wonderful. When found by the first persons who arrived on the spot, he was almost covered with debris. Eleven men were killed by the explosion. The bodies of the victims presented a most sickening spectacle—one which in loathsome horror can hardly be imagined. The fragments were gathered up in powder blankets, but in some instances it was impossible to decide to which body they belonged. Such was the general smash caused by the concussion that business was suspended in St. John-street, and the shutters were up on all the leading shops. Immense sheets of plate-glass were broken up into small pieces. Upper windows were smashed as with a shower of stones. Within the shops the ruin was still greater. Druggists' and perfumers' bottles and cases were thrown from their shelves; lamp stores, crockery and glass were stores, and groceries, also suffered severely, the brittle goods being in many cases consigned to one general ruin. It is said that there were only seven kegs of powder in the laboratory, which had just been brought down for use. When such an amount of destruction was effected by this small quantity what would it have been had the magazine taken fire? It is said that there were 600 barrels of powder stored in this magazine, with 400 or 500 barrels of ammunition or other combustible material. Had that building taken fire we should this morning have had to record the most heartrending catastrophe that ever visited British North America."

DETECTION OF A BAND OF A HUNDRED ROBBERS AND MURDERERS IN THE MORMON TERRITORY.—The Great Salt Lake City correspondent of the *New York Herald*, writing on February 7, says:—"The last express from Bannock City has just arrived, and set our mining population in a ferment with the startling intelligence that an organized band of a hundred robbers and murderers had been discovered in the eastern portion of Idaho, and that some of them had been arrested and had confessed to the murder of about a hundred persons between this city and Bannock during the last few months. The mining districts—Bannock, Virginia, and Sinking Water—were aroused and had initiated the day of retribution by the hanging of fourteen of the miscreants within a few days, and the Vigilance Committee were in pursuit of all others, and would never stop the good work till they had hung all the others or driven them from the country. The murderers were headed by one Henry Plummer, the sheriff of Bannock and Virginia—a polished villain that no one suspected of being engaged in a work which the community expected him to be the first to suppress. His deputy, George Lane, was charged with befing his lieutenant in the business, and entitled to the same consideration from the Vigilants. The night preceding the day of execution men were picketed around the city, and no one could leave after dusk. In the morning the word was passed up and down the mining gulches that work was on hand; the shot guns and revolvers were picked up, and in an hour or so there were enough of ministers of justice to see the work put through. Parties were sent in search of the doomed, and they were soon 'gathered' or 'caroled,' and brought to the most convenient place for execution. At Bannock City, five empty dry goods boxes were placed under the beam of an unfinished house, and on these the murderers were assisted to mount, the rope was placed round their necks, and when everything was ready another cord drew the empty box from under them, and there they dangled mid floor and roof to the entertainment of the outraged populace. Sheriff Plummer wanted five minutes to pray; but the Vigilants were busy, and as they possibly thought he might find time after, and as they were busy just then, 'put him through' sans ceremony. One of the murderers, a Spaniard, took refuge in a cabin, and when they attempted to arrest him he killed one man and badly wounded another. A howitzer was brought out, and the cabin roof tumbled about his ears. The populace were terribly mad, and as he appeared he was perfectly riddled with balls. Life not being extinct, they rushed him off to the scaffold, hung him up a little, and then cut him down and threw him on to the blazing cabin, where he was consumed."

BOARDING-SCHOOL REVELATIONS.

At the Wolverhampton County Court a few days ago, before Mr. Skinner, the judge, Mr. Carter, beerhouse-keeper, in Charles-street, in that town, was sued by the Misses Green, schoolmistresses, of Clarendon-street, for the sum of £7 10s., half of that amount for one quarter's board and lodging and education of John Carter, aged nine, his child, and the other half for compensation for the boy being taken from the school without a quarter's notice having been previously given. The case was tried by a jury. Mr. J. E. Underhill conducted the case for the plaintiffs, and Mr. James Walker that for the defendant. The liability of the defendant to pay the money sued for was admitted, but the defendant declined to pay it because of alleged improper and insufficient food having been given to the boy. A similar action had at a previous court, it will be remembered, been tried before the judge in which the Misses Green brought an action against another defendant, and the case went in their favour, the judge ruling that parents who put their children out on terms so low as £15 a year for education, board, and lodging, could not expect first-class diet. The Misses Green gave evidence to the effect that they had received no statement from the defendant or his wife as to the cause of the child's being taken away. The child, when he went home for a few days' holiday on the 2nd of April, 1863, the eve of Good Friday, had a chilblain on his foot, but was otherwise in his usual health. He had been a scholar with them since the previous Michaelmas, and came to them when he was eight years old.

Mrs. Sarah Green, the mother of the plaintiffs, and who superintended the dietary of the school, deposed that the boy only once took nettle-broth, and then at his own request. She had understood that nettle-broth was good to purify the blood if given nine mornings in succession, but had told the children she would vary it. She considered that the dietary of the children was good. She went to Mr. Pope when he was attending the boy, and Mr. Pope said that if the child was having the food that Mrs. Carter had stated it was not fit for a pauper. The children had meat every day but Friday and Monday. The children who did not prefer meat had pudding, and sometimes they had two plates of pudding.

Mr. Pope, surgeon, deposed that he attended the boy on Easter Monday, April 6, 1863. He attended him for six weeks. The boy was in a very emaciated state, and the intestines thin. There was no organic disease, and the evidences were all those of "land scurvy." The injuries to the foot were the giving way of the small blood vessels through their not having received sufficient nourishment from the larger blood vessels. The gums were of a livid colour and swollen, and the blood was exuding from them; the blood that was so exuding was also of a pale colour. The bleeding from the nose was of a light colour, another proof of the impoverished state of the blood. The breaking out on the lips was likewise in this case an evidence of impoverishment. Having satisfied himself that there was no organic disease, he could reconcile these symptoms with nothing else than imperfect feeding. The boy was suffering from impoverished food and insufficient nourishment. A clearer case he had never seen. During the three days the boy was at home after he left school, and before he (Mr. Pope) was called in, the boy could not have kept substantial food on his stomach if it had been given to him. An occasional dose of nettle porridge might not do a person in full habit hurt, but rather good, but to give it to a child in this boy's weak condition would be to injure him; still, one dose would not do him harm. As an occasional meal, sheep's head soup would not do him injury. After examining the boy, he asked his mother if he went to school? She replied, "Yes." He then added, "Whatever school he goes to, he is badly fed." If he were right in his conclusions, the child must have exhibited symptoms of ill-feeding three weeks before he was called in, such as could not have escaped the notice of an attentive mother. Nothing would have occasioned the evidences in the boy's system that he had described but poverty of blood and bad diet. He had had twenty-five years' experience in public institutions, and he was satisfied on this point. A half supply of good food would not have produced the evidences. The food which the child took must have been bad. If the child had been fed with bread and milk, or tea, for breakfast, meat four times a week, with always pudding, occasionally soup with sheep's head for dinner, and tea or bread and milk for tea, the child could not have been ill. The child was ill three weeks. When the irritation of the stomach was removed, he took nourishing food, and he then began to get well.

In reply to the judge, Mr. Pope said that the child was decidedly not suffering from mesenteric disease. If he had been so suffering he would not have come round so quickly.

Eliza Maclean, a servant girl, who had lived with the plaintiffs, said that for their morning meal the children had flour and water mixed and boiled to the consistency of thin paste, with a little skim-milk at one penny a quart, stirred into it, and a "half-round" of bread. If they did not take this they had to go without, but if they were poorly they had tea. At other times the children had for breakfast water-gruel, seasoned with salt; or oatmeal and water, seasoned with nettles and salt and onions. For dinner the children had, on Sunday, meat and vegetables, but no bread; on Wednesday, boiled rice with treacle, or "treacle roley;" on Thursday, stewed rice with "lights" cut in it; on Friday, rice pudding, but very seldom meat; and on Saturday, a piece of boiled bacon or a pig's face, with rice or grey peas. For tea the children had one round of bread and lard, and a cup or more of tea if they wished. She did not partake of the same kind of diet as was given to the children, but similar to that partaken of by the plaintiffs. On "padding days" the Misses Green always had meat. The children at the school numbered eight. They had meat three or four times a week; two or three times a week they had soup; and pudding four times a week.

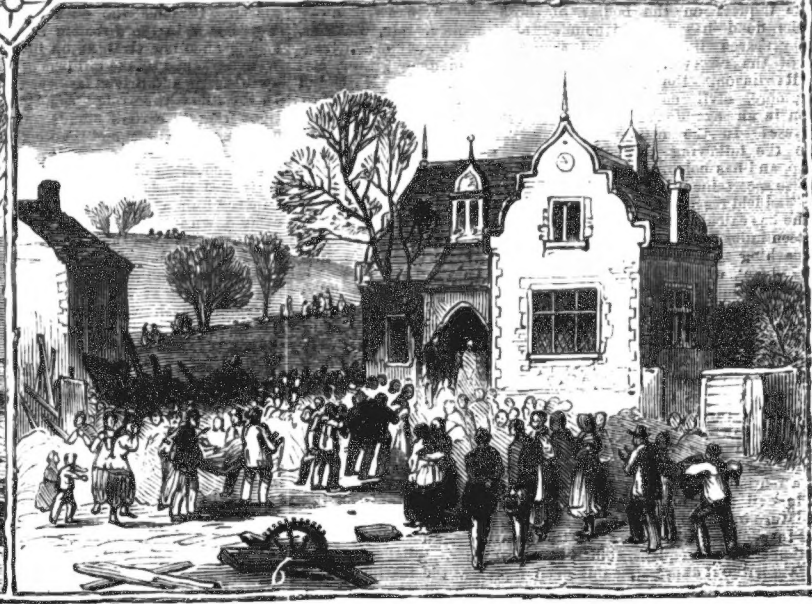
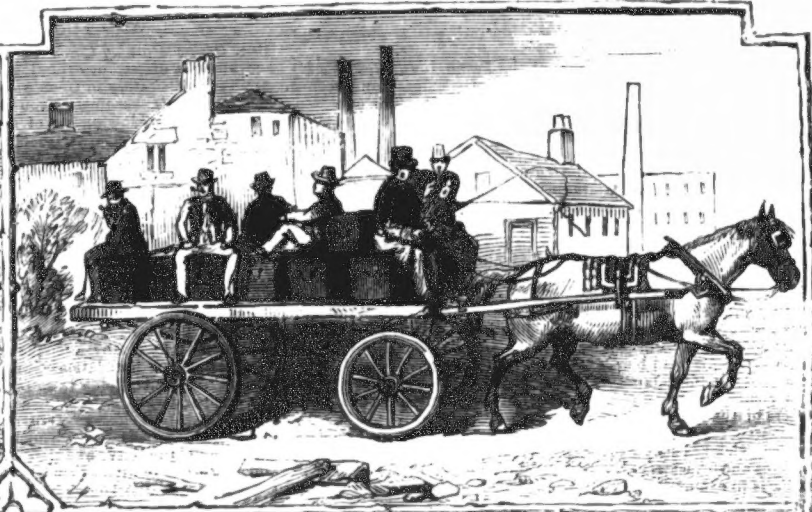
Mrs. Carter (the defendant's wife and the child's mother) said, that finding her child so weak she took him away from school, and three days afterwards called in Mr. Pope. During that three days the child took no more than half a bun and a little milk, the first on the first day, nothing on the second day, and the milk on the third day.

The child was called, and said that he had nettle-broth eighteen or nineteen times during the time he was at the school. The children used to go out in the summer and gather the nettles in the lanes, and Mrs. Green used to gather them in the winter. At tea time he used to save half of his round of bread (from a three-penny loaf in all cases) to eat for his breakfast with the nettle broth or the water gruel, but it was always gone before the morning. He always felt hungry when at tea time he put by his bread for the next morning's breakfast. He did not tell his mother, because he feared he should be punished at school. He had a chilblain on his foot some time before he went home.

A healthy-looking young boy, now at the plaintiffs' school, was put into the box to rebut young Carter's evidence, but the judge ruled that he could not be examined.

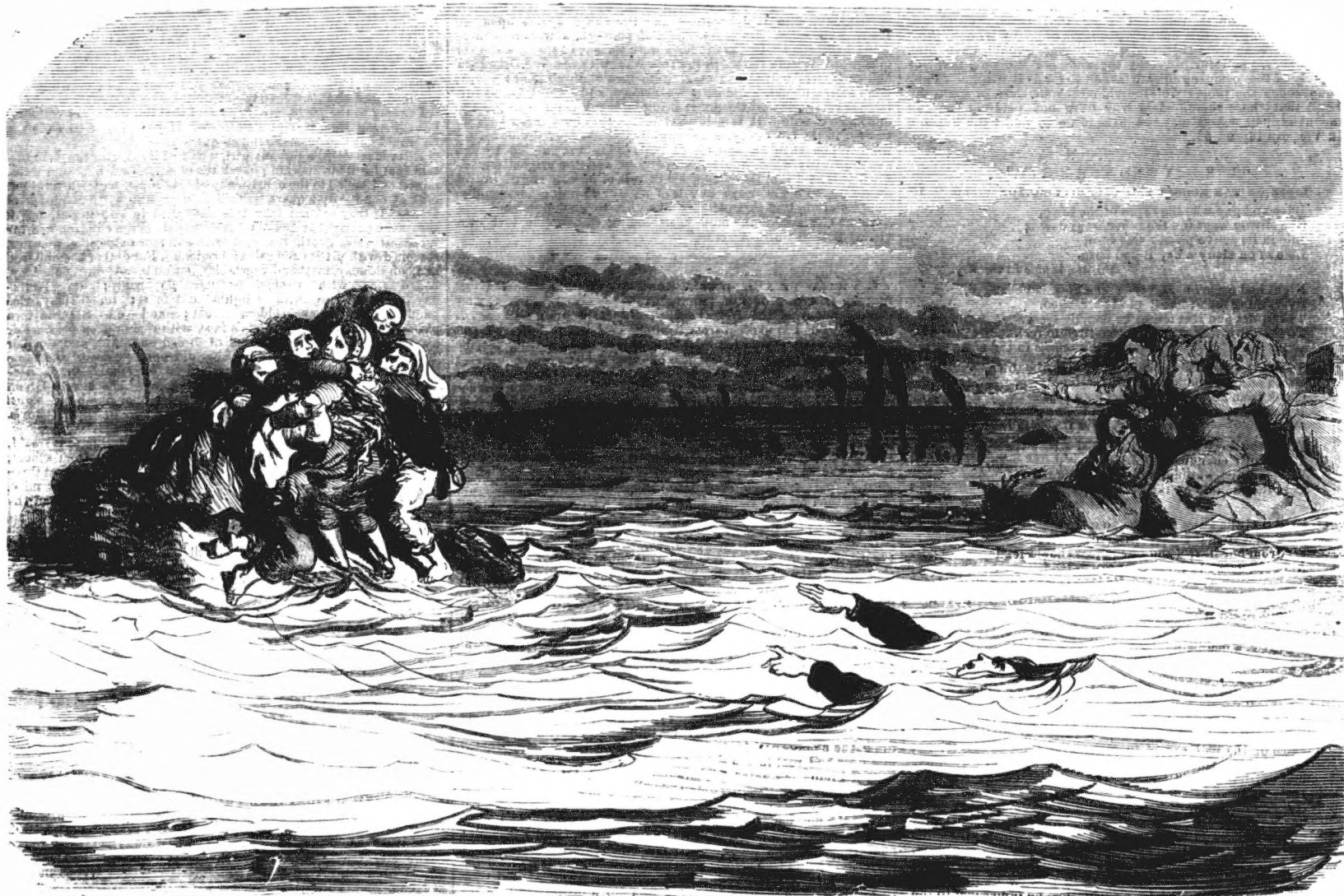
The judge, in sending the case to the jury, said that a more important case had never in his experience come into that court, on account of the importance of the youth of the country being properly fed. When Mr. Pope left the box he thought that his evidence could not be withstood, but when Mrs. Carter said that her boy took nothing on Good Friday last but half a bun, nothing at all on the following day, and only a little milk on the Sunday, he certainly thought this abstinence might have caused the evidences which Mr. Pope described. He only regretted that Mr. Pope had left the court before Mrs. Carter gave her evidence, and that he had not inquired from Mrs. Carter what her son had taken whilst he was at home.

The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiffs for the whole amount claimed, to be paid on the 12th of April.

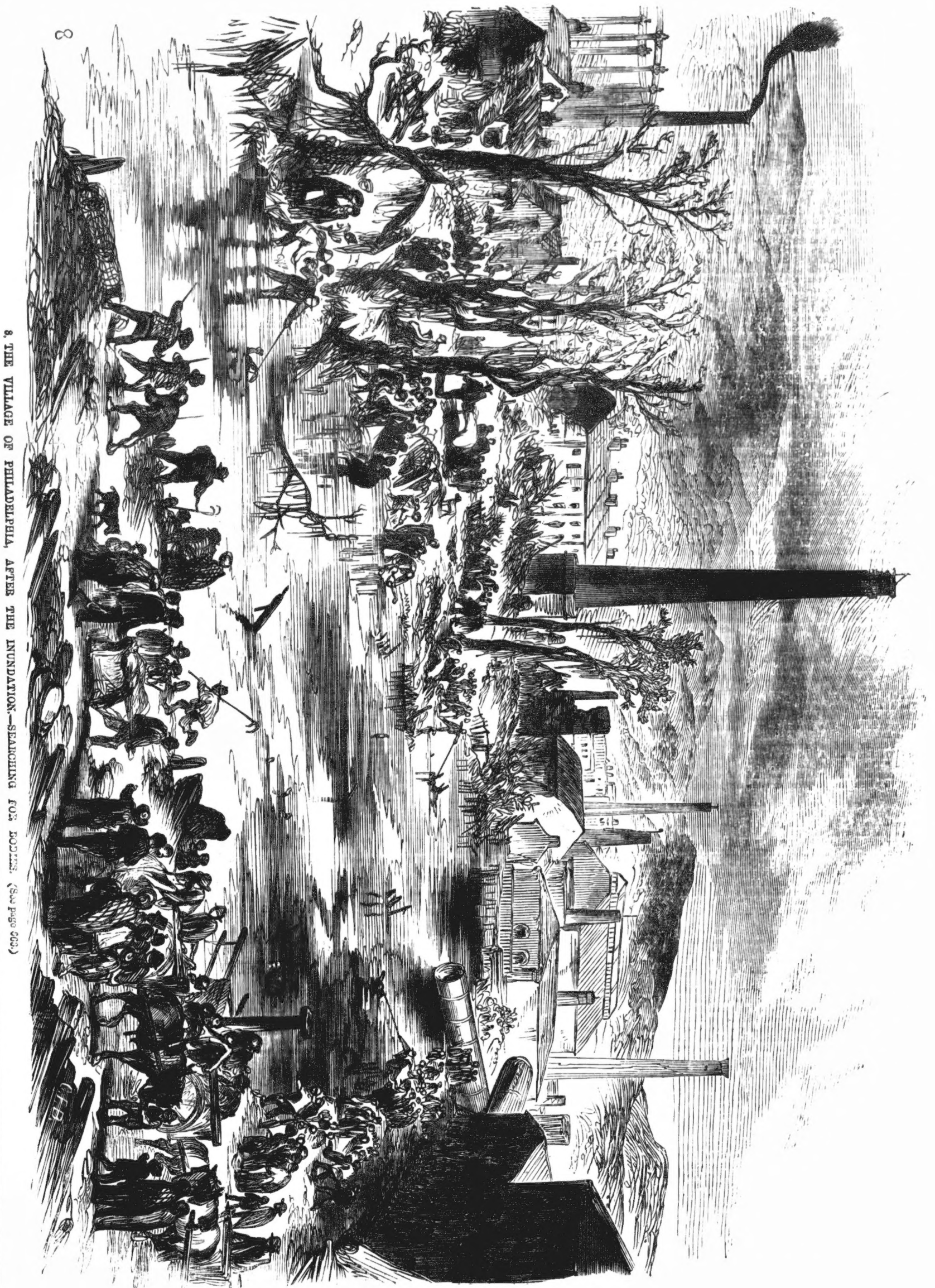


3. SCENE OF DESTRUCTION NEAR THE CORN-MILLS.
5. RUINS OF THE CORN-MILL OPPOSITE THE BARRACKS.

4. CONVEYING THE DEAD.—A SCENE IN SHEFFIELD.
6. EXTERIOR OF THE NATIONAL INFANT SCHOOL. (See page 663.)



7. AFFECTING SCENE AT THE LATE INUNDATION. (See page 663.)



8. THE VILLAGE OF PHILADELPHIA, AFTER THE INUNDATION.—SEARCHING FOR BODIES. (See page 563.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

DRURY LANE.—Not since the famous days of the Macready management at Old Drury has there been displayed so much curiosity and excitement about a production as in the case of "The First Part of Henry IV," which was announced to inaugurate the Easter season at Drury Lane, and which accordingly was given on Monday last in presence of one of the most critical and distinguished audiences which has filled the theatre for many years. It was rather a novelty, indeed, to behold Shakspeare properly represented in his proper home; and the names of the artists embracing nearly all the tragic talent now in the capital, a very rare performance was anticipated. The time, too, was most opportune for the production of a Shaksperian play. The tercentenary festival of the poet was at hand; and the name of Shakspeare, a household word at all times, had become the chiefest and most interesting subject in all conversations. To crown all, while the managers of almost all the London theatres had dispensed with novelty, looking for their Easter remuneration to old pieces only, Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton had gone to enormous expense in bringing out Shakspeare's historical play, "Henry the Fourth," to all intents and purposes a novelty, and which, for a period of more than a quarter of a century, had only been played at one of the London suburban theatres. Besides, the production involved, in addition to a large outlay on scenery, costumes, decorations, &c., the engagement of several new hands, among whom we may mention Mr. Walter Montgomery, the tragedian, who about Christmas time created so highly favourable an impression by his performance of Shaksperian and other characters at the Princess's Theatre. Mr. Montgomery was engaged expressly to play Hotspur—one of Macready's most striking and spirited delineations, as old playgoers cannot fail to recall to mind. The cast, indeed, was, for modern times powerful—Mr. Ryder, King Henry the Fourth; Mr. Walter Lacey, Henry Prince of Wales; Miss E. Falconer, Prince John of Lancaster; Mr. J. Neville, Earl of Northumberland; Mr. Walter Montgomery, Hotspur; Mr. Barrett, Earl of Worcester; Mr. Fitzjames, Earl of Westmoreland; Mr. Spencer, Sir Walter Blunt; Mr. Edmund Phelps, Sir Richard Vernon; Mr. Phelps, Sir John Falstaff; Mr. H. Vandenhoff, Mortimer; Mr. Bayner, Glendower; Mr. Robert Roxby, Poins; Mr. G. Belmonte, France; Mr. W. Eilerton, Bardolph; Mr. Warde, Gadshill; Mr. J. Cormack, Peto; Mr. T. Matthews, First Carrier, &c. Miss Rose Leclercq, Lady Percy; Miss Edith Wynne, Lady Mortimer; Mrs. Edmund Falconer, Mrs. Quickly, &c. Mr. Phelps had already earned a great reputation by his impersonation of Sir John Falstaff at Sadler's Wells, and this fact alone gave a novel and decided interest to the performance. As a great deal was expected from the revival of "Henry the Fourth" beforehand, so there was every danger of a disappointment; but no disappointment ensued. On the contrary, the production was a success. The scenery and appointments, we need scarcely add, were magnificent.

The **HAYMARKET** has continued the lengthy run of "Our American Cousin," in which Mr. Sothorn re-appeared as Lord Dundreary, and Mr. Buckstone, as usual, personated Asa Trenchard; and the drama was followed by a new mythological extravaganza, written by Mr. F. C. Burnand, entitled "Venus and Adonis," introducing Miss Nelly Moore to these boards, and including Mr. Compton and Miss Louise Keeley in the cast. It was most successfully received.

The **PRINCESS'S** commenced with Mr. Watts Phillips's drama of "Paul's Return," and continues the successful revival of "The Comedy of Errors." A novelty was, however, produced in the form of a new farce, by J. M. Morton, entitled "Drawing Room, Second Floor, and Attics."

The **LYCEUM** prolongs the successful career of "Bel Demonio," Mr. Fechter having sufficiently recovered from the recent accident to his hand to be able to resume his original part. The old farce of "A Day After the Fair" precedes the "Love Story."

The **OLYMPIC** preserves the "Ticket-of-Leave Man" undisturbed in the programme.

The **STRAND** introduced a new comedietta, by Mr. Wooler, called "A Hunt for a Husband," and still retains the Christmas extravaganza of "Orpheus and Eurydice."

The **ADELPHI** reproduced "Leah," with new scenery.

The **ST. JAMES'S** has had transferred to its stage the classical extravaganza of "The Golden Fleece," recently revived at the Haymarket.

The **SURREY** produced a new drama, translated from the French of M. Gailardit and Alexandre Damas by Mr. James Anderson, entitled "The Soldier of Fortune; or, The Devil's Death Tower." The successful drama "Ashore and Afloat" was also performed with it, in which Mr. Shepherd sustains his original character of Hal Oakford.

SADLER'S WELLS opened for a series of operatic performances, supported by the "British Operatic Company." "La Sonnambula," "Satanella," and "The Bohemian Girl" have been the principal attractions of the week.

ASTLEY'S re-opened under Mr. E. T. Smith's lesseeship, with a new drama entitled "Rosalie; or, the Chain of Guilt," in which Miss Fortado, from the New Royalty, made her first appearance here. The piece was produced with new scenery by Mr. Gates, and some striking effects were exhibited, the wreck of an emigrant ship being the prominent feature of scenic and mechanical illustration. Also a new ballet of action, called "The Trap of Gold; or, Nizas and the Barghest," in which M. Milano embodies the principal pantomimic character.

The **NEW ROYALTY** produced an extravaganza, by Mr. Burnand, entitled "Rumpelstiltskin; or, the Woman at the Wheel." A new comedietta by Mr. Leicester Buckingham, called "Love's Young Dream," precedes the burlesque, and a new farce, by Mr. Walter Gordon, called "The Odd Lot," concludes a rare evening's amusement here.

The **BRITANNIA** has provided a legendary spectacle, called "The Left-Handed Marriage," founded by Mr. Hazlewood on one of those singular morganatic unions formerly so frequent in Germany. The ghost effect by Professor Pepper, exhibited for the 277th time, concludes the first act. Mrs. S. Lane and her sister, Mrs. W. Crawford, sustain the principal characters. The clever young actor, Master Percy Roselle, performs in the afterpiece of "The Four Mowbrays."

The **VICTORIA** has offered great attraction in the engagement of Madame Celeste, who embodies the chief character in a new drama written by Mr. Stirling Coyne, called "The Woman in Red." It is illustrated by some very effective scenery by Mr. F. Fenton, and has drawn excellent houses.

The **THEATRES**, indeed, generally, have all put forth their greatest attractions; but our space precludes us from entering into further detail this week.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The palace and gardens of this ever attractive place for holiday excursionists were on Monday visited by a very large number of pleasure seekers. Notwithstanding the state of the weather, the sky being covered during the greater portion of the day with clouds of a gloomy hue, and a cold wind blowing incessantly from points varying between north and west, with occasional drops of a bitterly biting rain, train after train arrived from early hours, depositing their loads at the point of attraction. The ornamental water within the building was rendered glitteringly beautiful by an unusually large number of gold and silver fish; and around its borders were arranged large groups of early plants, in splendid bloom. In the tropical department also various exotics are assuming their spring appearance. Perhaps the interior of the palace never looked better at an Easter exhibition; at all events this may be said of so early an Easter as we have this year. At midday the orchestral band of the Crystal Palace Company

commenced their harmony in the centre transept. Externally the gardens look as desolate as the prolonged winter could make them. As far, however, as horticultural attention goes, everything is as it ought to be. The roundabouts, the swings, the giant strides, and various other gymnastic appliances, the rifle-batts, the archery-grounds, the cricket-field, the racket-yards, the bowling-greens—all were in full use, and the lakes were covered with boats. The holiday character of the season was perfectly kept up during the whole of the day.

The **AGRICULTURAL HALL** has attracted a very large share of holiday folk, Messrs. Strange and Paley having again resumed the management, with a powerful company for the cirque and hippodrome. The riders, vaulters, and pageants have scarcely been surpassed.

The **POLYTECHNIC** has added some new Ghost effects to its programme, which, as usual, appeals irresistibly to all lovers of scientific recreation.

MISS GRACE EGERTON AND MR. GEORGE CASE.—These celebrated artists, who have met with such great success in their artistic drawing-room entertainment in London and the provinces, have accepted a very liberal offer from Mr. E. T. Smith, of Astley's and Cremorne Gardens, and will leave here immediately for Melbourne for twelve months.

The **NATIONAL GALLERY** was visited by a greater number of persons on Monday than has been known for several Easter Mondays past. Up to five o'clock over 14,000 had been admitted, yet at no time was the place crowded.

The **BRITISH MUSEUM** was crowded by holiday folk during the whole of Monday, and the greatest good order and decorum was observed. The Museum was kept open till five p.m., and up to that time between 15,000 and 16,000 had been admitted.

MR. WOODIN, at the Polygraphic Hall, has achieved the utmost success with his new entertainment, "An Elopement Extraordinary," and "Bachelor's Box." Crowded audiences have nightly assembled to witness his wondrous impersonations. Many, indeed, can scarcely credit that it is Mr. Woodin that appears before them in so many forms and fashions almost in a twinkling.

MR. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY'S very amusing comic entertainment, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, continues, and deservedly so, to grow in public estimation. Crowded audiences nightly greet him when he makes his appearance to have a little friendly, agreeable, and amusing chat with them, and the more he talks and describes the various incidents which he brings under their notice, the more are they delighted, and a feeling of regret pervades all when they find he has brought them to their journey's end.

The **GENERAL AMUSEMENTS** (and, as a matter of course, Madame Tussaud's may be classed among the first of attractions), have all been remarkably well attended.

NEW WORKS.

THE EMPIRE IN INDIA: LETTERS FROM MADRAS AND OTHER PLACES. By Major Evans Bell, Madras Staff Corps, author of "The English in India, Letters from Nagpore, written in 1857-58." London: Trubner and Co., 60, Paternoster-row.—This is a valuable work to the political economist who would wish to study our rule as far as the government of India is concerned. Many of the causes, or, indeed, the cause, which led to the late Indian mutiny is fearlessly and forcibly analysed. Every page bears on it the impress of truth, being largely interspersed with notes.

THE CITIES OF THE PAST. By Frances Power Cobbe. London: Trubner and Co., Paternoster-row.—Those who would wish to learn much of the City of the Sun (Baalbec), the City of Victory (Oairo), the Eternal City, Athens, the Dead Sea, Jerusalem, &c., at the present day would do well to peruse this well-written work of the "Cities of the Past." What these cities were and what they are now are subjects indeed for contemplation.

"REYNARD THE FOX IN SOUTH AFRICA; OR, HOITENTOT FABLES AND TALES. Translated by W. H. I. Bleek, Ph. D. London: Trubner and Co., Paternoster-row.—These tales are principally translated from original manuscripts in the library of Sir George Grey. They are not only highly amusing, but, with their notes, are exceedingly instructive. They will become a valuable addition to fable lore.

MISCHMOOR. By John Brown, M.D. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.—This is more than a guide to that picturesque spot celebrated by Sir Walter Scott, viz., the Hill of Mischmoor, lying between the Tweed and the Yarrow, and nearly three times as high as Arthur's Seat. It is written in a pleasant, yet thoughtful, train. The surrounding objects are well described; and the poetic quotations judiciously selected make it quite a pleasant and readable companion.

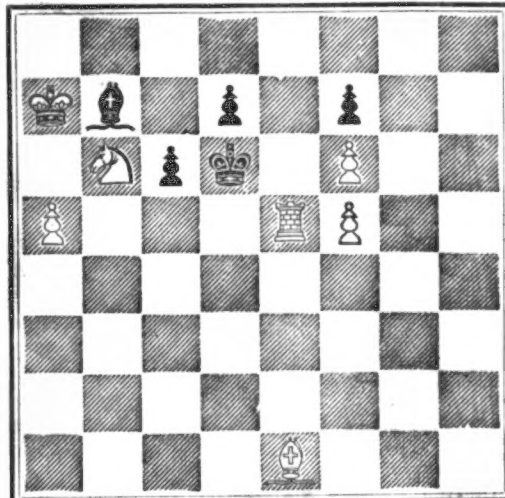
FREE TRADE IN SUGAR—ABSTRACT OF A SPEECH AGAINST THE EQUALIZATION OF THE SUGAR DUTIES. By Alfred Fryer Manchester: Galt and Co.—These pamphlets, as well as several other papers and abstracts, by Mr. Cobden, Mr. Reid, and others, have just been issued. They are most opportune, as no doubt strong agitation will shortly take place on the question of the sugar duties. The whole of these pamphlets are therefore worth well studying.

A FRENCH REVOLUTIONIST.—The name of Blanqui—Louis Auguste Blanchi—one of the most persistent revolutionists in France, is just now once more before the public. The poor man, whose life has been one alternation of plotting and punishment, has just been removed from prison to hospital, from which place it is thought he will never pass out alive. It is only in France that one can find such an individual. His career reads like a romance. When he left college he began to conspire, and seems to have always been one of those curious reasoners who conclude that whatever is, in the shape of government, is bad. He was wounded in the affair of the Rue St. Denis, where he received his baptism of fire in 1827. He fought in the days of July and was decorated; he was immediately again in opposition, and was condemned and imprisoned. As soon as he was free he made gunpowder for a purpose, and was implicated in the conspiracy of the Rue de Lourcine. He was condemned to death in 1840. In 1848 he was liberated by the revolution, and returned to Paris to conspire against the Provisional Government; then came ten years' imprisonment—then liberty—then a conspiracy against the Empire—and then the present imprisonment—hospital—death!

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND GENERAL GRANT.—On the afternoon of the 9th instant President Lincoln presented to Major Grant his commission as Lieutenant-general. The ceremony took place in the cabinet chamber at Washington, in the presence of the entire Cabinet. General Grant having entered the room, the President rose and addressed him thus:—"General Grant, the nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what remains to do in the existing great struggle, are now presented with this commission constituting you Lieutenant-general in the army of the United States. With this honour devolves upon you also a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so under God it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add that with what I here speak for the nation goes my own personal hearty concurrence." To which General Grant replied as follows:—"Mr. President, I accept this commission with gratitude for the high honour conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought on so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavour not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving on me, and I know that if they are met it will be due to those armies, and above all to the favour of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 168.—By T. W. Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in four moves.

Match game between Messrs. Wormald and Burden, the former player giving the odds of all the drawn games.

White.

Mr. Burden.

1. P to K B 4 (a)
2. P to Q Kt 8
3. B to Kt 2
4. Kt to K B 3
5. P to K 3
6. P to Q B 4
7. B to Q 3
8. Castles
9. Q Kt to B 3
10. Kt to K Kt 5 (c)
11. Kt to K B 3
12. Kt to K R 4 (good)
13. B to K 2
14. Kt to Q 5 (d)
15. B takes K Kt
16. B to R 5 (ch)
17. P takes Kt P
18. R takes K B P
19. B takes Kt (ch)
20. Kt to K B 3
21. K to B square
22. R takes K Kt P
23. R to K R 5
24. P takes B
25. P to K B 4 (f)
26. Q to K B 3
27. B takes P
28. Q takes K R

Black.

Mr. Wormald.

1. P to K B 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. P to K 3
4. P to Q Kt 3
5. B to Kt 2
6. B to Q 3
7. Q to K 2
8. Q Kt to B 3
9. P to Q R 3 (b)
10. P to K R 3
11. Q Kt to Q square
12. Q to K B 2
13. P to K Kt 4
14. K P takes Kt (best)
15. Q takes B
16. Kt to K B 2
17. P takes P
18. Q to K R 3
19. K to Q square
20. B takes R P (ch)
21. P takes P
22. Q to K B 3
23. B takes Kt
24. B to K 4 (e)
25. B takes Q R
26. P to Q B 3
27. R takes R
28. K to Q B 2, and wins

- (a) This opening is very unusual.
(b) An important move in this form of the opening.
(c) In order to tempt the advance of K R P, with the intention of presently establishing Kt at K R 4.
(d) Cleverly played.
(e) This may be considered the game move.
(f) If R takes R (ch),—the best reply,—Black Q takes R, gaining a move; and besides, by moving K to K 2, he can directly bring into play the Q R with advantage.

F. JOHNSTON.—We have examined your problems, and find that in No. 3 the first move is much too apparent. In No. 4 mate cannot be given in three moves, if Black play 1. Q to Kt 4; for if White replies with R to R 5, Black plays Kt to K 4, giving his Queen the command of King's 2nd and 8th squares, on which you propose to mate. We should be glad if you could remedy this defect, as the idea of the problem is very good.

W. J. MARTIN.—We have to thank you for your courteous communication. The analysis you require shall be sent through the post.

J. H. (Horton).—If the King has not been moved, he may Castle even if he has been in check several times.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 159.

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| 1. R to Q Kt 6 | 1. R to Q B square |
| 2. R to K R 6 | 2. R to Q B square |
| 3. K to K B 7 | 3. R or P moves |
| 4. R mates | |

THE TERCENTENARY OF SHAKSPEARE.—The arrangements for celebrating the tercentenary of Shakspeare at Stratford-on-Avon are now in a good state of forwardness. The monster pavilion in which the public dinner, ball, oratorios, concerts, and theatricals are to come off, is so far finished as to be given up to the decorators. Its diameter is 170 feet, the stage is fifty feet deep, and proscenium seventy feet wide, while the auditorium will accommodate some 5,000 persons. At night it will be lighted with an immense corona of 260 gas burners. For the opening banquet tables will be placed for 1,000 guests. Ten tons of iron and 14,000 cubic feet of timber were used in the erection of the building. The following is a brief programme of the arrangements for the week:—Saturday, April 23: Laying the foundation-stone of the monumental memorial. Banquet at the pavilion, Earl of Carlisle in the chair. At night a display of fireworks. Sunday, 24: Sermons and collections at the parish church. Monday, 25: Performance of the "Messiah" at the Pavilion; Mr. Mellon conductor, and Tittens, Salnton-Dolby, Sims Reeves, and cantley as principals. Evening: Concert of Shaksperian music. Tuesday, 26: Excursions to places in the neighbourhood connected with Shakspeare's name. Evening: Performance of "Twelfth Night," by the Haymarket company. Mr. Sothorn also to appear in a short piece of "peculiar construction." Wednesday, 27: Morning: Readings of Shakspeare's plays. Evening: Performance of "Hamlet." Hamlet, Mr. Fechter. Thursday, 28: Morning: Concert of instrumental music and glees from Shakspeare's plays. Evening: Performance of "As You Like It." Friday, 29: A fancy dress ball. The prices of tickets are fixed rather high, viz., a guinea and half a guinea. The dinner and ball tickets a guinea each. High rates are asked for lodgings, but the pressure will be relieved by the railway, which will speedily convey visitors to Birmingham, Leamington, Warwick, Worcester, Malvern, Evesham, &c.

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
GUILDFORD.

THE OLD STORY.—A SKITTEERING CONSPIRACY.—William Finch and Henry Powell, alias Pearce, alias Pearl, who stated they were no occupation, and refused their real names and addresses, were charged before Mr. Alderman Lusk with conspiring with two other men not in custody to defraud the prosecutor of £9 15s. Mr. Maynard, from Mr. Beard's office, attended on behalf of the prisoner. James Mansfield Chambers said: I am a clerk in the employ of Messrs. Wragg and Co., publishers, of 22, King William-street, Strand. On the 3rd of February last, between twelve and one o'clock in the day, I met a man in Fleet-street, who asked me the way to Trafalgar-square. I directed him, and as I was going the same way he walked with me, and entered into conversation. He said he was a medical student, and recently returned from Cambridge to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he had previously passed six years. When we got to St. Clement's Dances he invited me to have a glass of ale, and we accordingly entered the Holyrood Palace ale store. We had not been there long before Powell came in, and on opening his pocket-book dropped what appeared to be a sovereign, which fell close to my feet. He looked everywhere but in the right place for it, and when I pointed it out to him he thanked me, and said it was very kind, and that he was sure from our manner that we were gentlemen. He said he was staying at Morley's Hotel, and had been "picked up" that morning, and proceeded to explain that by the death of an uncle he had come into possession of £6,000; that he went to Trafalgar-square, and while reading the inscriptions on the Nelson monument, a fine, tall young lady came up to him, and said, "Oh, dear, you are so like my brother who died—I should like to introduce you to my aunt." Powell was introduced, he said, to the aunt; but I need not describe the improprieties that followed. He said he gave the young lady £5 to buy a new dress, and had appointed to meet her where we then were, and he asked me if I had seen a young lady pass by. I said I had not; and he then entered into conversation with the student, telling him that he was going down to Greenwich with the young lady to see a cricket match. They then spoke of throwing what they called chess weights, and Powell said he could throw a 16lb or 20lb—I forget which—twenty-five or thirty yards. The student disputed his power, and said he did not want to win his money, but he would make a friendly wager with him on the subject. The student, who had previously professed his ignorance of London, said to Powell, "If you have come into a lot of money, it is very foolish of you to show it. You had better deposit it in Twining's bank, over the way." That aroused my suspicion, but it soon wore off. He then proposed, as he said for the amusement of the thing, that the wager should be three new hats and a bundle of cigars each, and appealed to me to go with them as umpire. A cab was called and we got in. The student said he knew a place that he and other gentlemen of St. Bartholomew's Hospital used to frequent, where the wager could be decided, and on the way the student mentioned the name of a friend of mine at the hospital as one of his most intimate acquaintances. In passing through Temple-bar Powell pointed out a gentleman as his lawyer, who, he said, had frequently cautioned him against getting into bad company. They went to the George the Fourth public-house, in New-street, Cloth-fair, where Powell asked me for change for a sovereign; but not having it I lent him 1s. 6d. to pay the cabman, and he afterwards repaid it. He ordered three glasses of sherry, and in the meantime the student went out the back way and came back shortly afterwards. In a few minutes we went into the skittle-ground at the back, and we there found the prisoner Finch and another man playing. The latter was dressed like a waiter, and from Finch's manner and general appearance I thought he was the landlord of the house. The student asked Finch if he had not a twenty-five or thirty yards distance on the premises, and on receiving a respectful reply in the negative said he remembered there was such a distance when he used to frequent the place six years ago with the gentlemen from the hospital. Finch admitted it was so, but said he had given it up, as it did not suit his purpose to keep it. Powell asked if the partition at the end of the skittle ground could be knocked down, and offered to pay the damage for clearing it away, but just then he was standing in the way of the players and Finch asked him to move and let them finish their game. He did, and one throw brought it to an end. One of them asked Finch where a thirty yards' distance could be found, but he said not nearer than Tottenham. Powell then took up the skittle ball and expressed an opinion that it was made of stone, the others tried to convince him it was made of wood, but he offered to bet any money it was stone. Finch said, "You seem to have plenty of money; I do not want to win it, but I will bet it is wood," and they had a bet for glasses of sherry and cigars all round, when Powell lost. The student came to me and said we should not have such a chance again. Powell had plenty of money and was spending it on improper persons, and that he and I might as well have some of it. He then asked me to make a bet with Powell of £5 that he could not knock the skittles down in a certain number of throws. I had only £3 10s. available for such a purpose, and the student lent me £1 10s. to make up the £5, and the bet was concluded, and the stakes deposited with the "waiter." Powell threw and won. All the others bet £5 each on the game, and, of course, lost, but I saw no stakes handed over. A bet for £2 was then made with Powell, which we won, and the student gave me 5s., retaining the other 35s. for the amount he had lent to me. We then had a bet for 5s., which I also lost. The student then reminded me that I had a watch, and asked me to make a bet of £10, as it must be worth about that sum. I said it was, and deposited it with the waiter, the student also depositing his watch, which he valued at £10, and Powell £10 in money. Powell played again and won. The student then told me privately that in the event of my watch being pledged it would be offered as a gilt metal watch, and that only a mere trifle would be advanced upon it, and in that case I was to be sure to get the ticket of it from Powell before he left. The waiter then left as I supposed to pledge Finch's watch and mine, and when he returned he rather obtrusively forced the ticket upon me, and I then found it had been pledged for £5 10s. Powell complained that I had represented the watch as being worth £10, and at the student's suggestion I gave my O. U. for the balance of £3 the payable in twelve months, and drew it out, having been given for my services. Powell then told me his name was Frederick Pearce. Another bet of £10 was then proposed by Finch, who said to Powell, "The fact is, you have won all our money. You have plenty of money, and we can get more by sending for it," and he pointed to me and said, "This gentleman can get £10 if you will allow him afterwards to go for it." We then had another bet of £10 each, and Powell won again. Finch then told me to put on my coat, and said to the others that we were going to get the money. We left the house, but when we got to the end of the street Finch said, "It will never do for us to go together. We had better bolt at once; you go that way and I will run this," and he accordingly ran off, leaving me alone in the street. I then suspected I had been taken in, but still believed Powell to be the man he had represented himself, as he had played the fool so well throughout. I mentioned the matter to a policeman and then went to Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar-square, where, of course, Pearce was not known. I went to Scotland-yard and was referred to the City police, to whom I gave full information, and while walking through the Strand I met the two prisoners, and gave them into custody. Several officers in court recognised both of the prisoners, who were then remanded for further inquiry.

WESTMINSTER.

A SAD CASE OF ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Albin Roche, a very respectable-looking man, was placed at the bar charged with the following determined attempt at suicide: Henry Marpet said that he was going over Battersea-bridge when he saw the defendant approach the side and get over the railings. Witness considering that he was about to commit suicide, rushed towards the spot, and endeavoured to seize the defendant, but was too late, and he jumped into the water. Witness immediately called out for a boat and gave a general alarm, and the defendant was, after some time, taken out of the water, and conveyed to the Magpie and Stump, Cheyne-walk. Chelsea, where the usual restoratives were administered, and he recovered. Mr. Selife: What did he say when he recovered? Witness: He said he would do it again; that was in the presence of the doctor who attended him. Mr. Selife: Does he still express the same intention? Witness: No; he now says he has a tired his mind. Mr. Selife: Are any of his friends here? Defendant's brother stepped forward and said that he was a very respectable man, and was in the employment of Mr. Meeking, of Holborn. Mr. Selife: Has anything preyed upon his mind which would account for his committing this act? The brother: Yes, he has been very much distressed in mind. His wife, to whom he was much attached, had turned out, after every endeavour to reclaim her, a most abandoned character, and seeing her in the streets a short time ago almost naked and otherwise in a wretched condition, it had such an effect upon his mind that he had become seriously depressed. Mr. Selife: Was he drunk? Witness: No, sir; he is a very steady, respectable man, and the main support of an aged mother. Our family have all lived very happily together till this. Mr. Selife: Has he spoken to you at all about this attempt at suicide since it occurred? Witness: He promised he would not do it again. Mr. Selife: I shall remand him for a week; it will be for his service. He will have the benefit of the chaplain's instruction.

SINGULAR APPLICATION.—A man, having the appearance of a respectable artisan, entered the court and said he wanted to have the magistrate's ad-

vice upon a matter of considerable interest and importance to him. Mr. Yardley: What do you want? Applicant: I want to know who is to bury a person who is dead. Mr. Yardley: What do you mean? Applicant: Why, there is a person dead, and the question is who has a right to bury her? It is my wife's mother, who expired last night, and it seems that I am expected to bury her, and I don't see why. Mr. Yardley: Has she died in your house? Applicant: Yes. I have been supporting her. She has been living for some time past with me and my wife; and now she is dead, who is to pay the expenses of her funeral? Mr. Yardley: Those who administer to a dead person's effects generally do so. Applicant: I cannot see why I should be expected to go to the expense of the funeral when the deceased has some living. I was very willing to keep her, but that is no reason why I should bury her, but I don't know what to do. Mr. Yardley: As a matter of necessity you had better bury her, and use your remedy when you can to recover it. Applicant: Can I recover the expense of her son if he takes the things belonging to his mother without administering? Mr. Yardley: If he takes the property she possessed, and exercises the power of an administrator, you can. I think, if you pay for the funeral, you will have your remedy against any one possessing himself of the effects of the deceased. Without taking out letters of administration he would be an executor *de son tort*, and would be liable for such a claim. Applicant expressed himself satisfied with this opinion.

DOW STREET.

A "PHILANTHROPE" IN TROUBLE.—Mr. G. Brooks, hon. secretary of the "National Society for the Prevention of Child Murder," accompanied by the Marquis of Townsend, Mr. Gattie, of the Bank of England, Dr. Ryan, &c., members of the committee, requested the advice of Mr. Vaughan, the presiding magistrate, under the following circumstances:—It was stated by Mr. Brooks that he had lately succeeded a Mr. Dawson in the office of secretary, the latter having been suspended and dismissed by the committee for refusing to render an account for moneys received by him on behalf of the society. These sums included a donation of £50, which had been contributed by a lady remarkable for her philanthropy, and who had naturally felt pained to learn that it had never been paid into the hands of the treasurer. A previous donation of £12, by the same lady, and many other sums received from the public, had never been accounted for; and on the refusal of the lady herself to attend a meeting of the committee and deliver up the books, papers, and documents of the society he had been dismissed. It had been since ascertained that Mr. Dawson had gone to Brighton and started a similar society there, without the slightest sanction of the committee, and had received donations on its behalf. It was obvious that, unless some steps were taken to bring the offender to justice, he might impose upon the charitable public in many other districts by the same pretences. On being applied to, especially with reference to the £50 donation, he had not scrupled to say that it was given to him to dispose of at his own discretion. This was, of course, untrue, but unfortunately, the lady did not wish her name to transpire as the donor of the money. Mr. Vaughan directed that a summons should issue for the recovery of the books and papers of the society, and remarked that the misappropriation of money received as agent of the society would render him amenable to a criminal prosecution. In the meantime the publicity which would be probably given to this application by the press would prevent any further imposition being attempted elsewhere.

MARLBOROUGH.

ROBERT OF A VALUABLE RING.—Charles Williams, a porter, was charged with stealing a diamond finger ring, valued at 100 guineas, also a gold locket and watch key, the property of Mrs. Maritz, Patterson, residing at 12, Eastbourne-terrace. It appeared that three weeks ago the prosecutor, who was a jeweller, returned from Brighton, when the prisoner took the boxes and luggage from the cab up to the bedroom. The other morning the Misses Patterson returned home from a boarding-school, and the rings and watch key were again called into requisition to take the boxes from the cab up to the drawing-room door. He was paid for his trouble and ran off. During the afternoon Mrs. Patterson went to her bedroom and missed from her jewel-case a diamond ring, for which she had given 100 guineas, as well as a gold locket and gold watch key. Her gold watch and chain were fortunately overlooked and left safe in the drawer. Harriet Walters, the nurse, as she was leaving the nursery, saw the prisoner leaving the bedroom, where he had no business whatever. On the same evening a young man, named Plant, a news agent, said he was stopped by the prisoner in the Edgware-road, who asked him to buy a ring which he had picked up. He held it out in his hand, and witness could perceive that it had stones in it, but the night was so dark that he could not discern their colour. He declined to purchase it. Jones, police-constable 249 D, apprehended the prisoner in bed at a beer-shop in Barn-street, Islington. He denied the robbery, but admitted that he had taken luggage and boxes into a house at Eastbourne-place. Mr. Mansfield remanded the prisoner for a week.

CLERKENWELL.

WHIPPING AND IMPRISONING A BOY FOR ROBBERING HIS EMPLOYER.—William Roseblade, aged thirteen, a sharp, intelligent-looking boy, residing at 28, Norfolk-street, Islington, was charged with stealing, at 5, Percival-street, Clerkenwell, £10 in gold, the money of his employer, Mr. J. Thompson, watch manufacturer. The prisoner had been in the employ of the prosecutor for a short time, and a few days since he was sent with ten sovereigns to get changed for silver. He decamped with the money, and although information was given to the police, nothing was heard of him for some days afterwards, when he was found at a suburban railway station, on his way to Woolwich. In addition to the money, the prosecutor had lost a silver watch-case, but he could not undertake to say that the prisoner had taken it, although he had very little doubt but that he had done so. Police-constable William Kempton, 304 E, said he was on the Lewisham Railway platform when he saw the prisoner standing in front of him. The platform was in the act of putting some money into a purse, and seeing that it contained four or five sovereigns, and that the prisoner behaved in a suspicious manner, he caught hold of him and asked him how he became possessed of it. The prisoner gave him two or three versions of the affair, and then the constable took him to the police-station and found that he answered the description that the police had circulated of his appearance. The prisoner at first denied that his name was Roseblade, and that he knew anything of Clerkenwell. On searching him £5 1s. 4d., a pistol, two boxes of percussion caps, some powder, and a bullet-mould were found on him. To account for the possession of these the prisoner made the following extraordinary statement. He said he had been entrapped away from his home by the gipsies, who had threatened to murder him if he did not implicitly obey all their commands. At first he did not like their manner of living, but being taken much notice of by the lieutenant of the gang, that officer was desirous to take him and keep him. One day they left on a marauding expedition, and being very unsuccessful they travelled as far Woking-common. The lieutenant had stopped several gentlemen, had demanded their money or their lives, and had robbed them, but never ill-used them if they did not make a noise and at once complied with his wishes. If they were violent, he (the prisoner's) duty was to shoot them, and that he had done several times with the pistols he had in his possession. He had also been engaged in the commission of several burglaries, had terrified the inhabitants, and had carried off a regular "swag of booty." He was now getting tired of being a highwayman and a burglar, and he wanted to get to sea, so that he could be a pirate and a bold buccaner, and sweep the seas and be his own master, and for ever free. The magistrate asked the officer if he had inquired whether any burglaries had been committed as the prisoner had described. The officer replied that there was no truth in the prisoner's story. He had, he understood, been reading cheap novels, and had got all this "stuff" into his head. He had been told that the prisoner had robbed his previous employer. The prosecutor said that was so, but he did not know it until after the prisoner had decamped. The magistrate asked the prisoner what novels he had been reading. The prisoner, who treated the matter with the greatest indifference, said he read "Dick Turpin," "The Gentleman Highwayman," and "Tales of the Daring and Bravery of Pirates," and he liked them. The mother of the prisoner, a hard-working, respectable-looking woman, said she was very sorry to see her youngest son standing in such a disgraceful position, and he was the first of the family that had ever dishonoured their name. He had been brought up religiously. The prisoner was in the employ of Mr. Thompson when his father ascertained what had occurred at his previous situation. He then spoke to the prisoner about the wickedness of his act, and believing that the boy was penitent, and would not repeat the act, he did not take him away from his work or tell his employer, both of which he now regretted he had not done. The prisoner, in an impudent tone, said he did not wish to say anything in defence. They could do as they liked with him. The mother wished that the magistrate would put the prisoner into a reformatory. He was but young, and he might yet turn out a bright man. The prisoner said he did not wish at all to go there. The magistrate, in very feeling terms, pointed out to the prisoner the wickedness and folly of which he had been guilty. Although he had read about the daring way that robbers had formerly been committed, and had wished to emulate the example of those who had committed them, still, however daring the manner in which the robberies were committed, the parties who did so would be punished. He then sentenced the prisoner to be kept in the House of Correction with hard labour for one calendar month, and whilst there to receive twelve lashes with the birch.

KLAPTONANIA.—Julia Simpson, aged 28, a dress-maker, a respectable-looking woman, stated to be the wife of a tradesman in the neighbourhood of the court, was charged with stealing from inside the shop, 104, St. John

street, Clerkenwell, two straw hats, the property of Mr. Andrew Bonner, draper. The assistant to the prosecutor, Ellen Winter, said that on Saturday night the prisoner entered the shop with another woman, and asked to be shown some hats. From her suspicious she went round the counter and found pinned to the prisoner's dress one hat, and she was in the act of pinning another to her dress having a hat in one hand and a pin in the other. She had before suspected the prisoner, and when she told her that she had robbed her (the complainant's) employer, the prisoner said that it was all a mistake, as she intended to purchase the hats. Police-constable Cook, 431 A, proved taking the prisoner into custody, and when he told her the charge she denied that she had stolen the goods, and said that she intended to purchase them. The prisoner denied the charge in toto, and said that the shopwoman had made a mistake. Her husband was a respectable man, and could well afford to pay for the whole of the goods in the prosecutor's shop. A witness was called who stated that the prisoner was a highly respectable woman and was incapable of doing such an act as was imputed to her. The prosecutor said he did not wish to press the charge on account of the previous good character of the prisoner. Mr. Mansfield committed the prisoner to the Middlesex sessions for trial, and said the prosecutor ought to go on with the case as the prisoner impudently had motives to the assistant. Bail was applied for, and two sureties in the sum of £20 each were accepted.

WORSHIP-STREET.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE BY POISON FROM ALLEGED ILL-TREATMENT.—Ann McNeil, 16, a pale-faced, slender-framed girl, was charged before Mr. Leigh, with attempting self-destruction by swallowing poison. Mr. Leigh questioned the girl as to her motive for attempting suicide, and she replied that her mother's conduct had induced it. She was in the habit of cruelly ill-treating her, and had on one occasion pulled her from the bed by her hair, then turned her from the house, and locked her out. On another occasion she looked her from the room, and the prisoner was obliged to sit on the stairs until six o'clock in the morning, at which hour she went to her employment, subsequently purchasing, in Barn-street, in Blenheim, from a chemist, some sugar of lead; and on the date in question, being tired of her life, swallowed a piece as large as a Brazil nut. Prisoner added that she had complained to her brother of the miserable life she led, and her determination to do away with it; but that all the attention he bestowed was a promise to purchase poison if she would take it. This, however, he did not do, and she became so despondent that she bought it herself. Mr. Leigh, having, after some interrogation, gleaned such much from the young prisoner, inquired whether her mother was present; upon which a shrewish-looking woman, of about forty-five years came forward and said that the girl was her own child, and a very bad child too, returning home at all hours of the night repeatedly, and associating generally with the most indifferent characters. She (the witness) gained a living by charring, and had not had a husband for seven years. Prisoner denied all her mother said as reflecting against her, adding that she believed her father was still alive, and her brother, in answer to the magistrate, declared that his offer to buy poison was only in joke—it was he and not his mother who looked the door. Mr. Stead, foreman to Messrs. Williams, deposed to having been in the warehouse when the girl fell down from the effects of the poison. He was very much alarmed, and sent for her mother to their lodgings in Steward-street, Spitalfields, who, when she came and saw her child in so deplorable a state, remarked, "It would have been a happy relief if she had done it effectually," an observation manifestly so heartless that he instantly ordered her from the place. Mr. Stead further mentioned that the girl was quiet, and so attentive that she worked from six in the morning until eight in the evening, earning thereby on an average from 3s. to 4s., and he took the liberty of suggesting that the best course possible to adopt for her advantage and future safety would be to make her an inmate of a reformatory or some asylum where her mother could not have control over her. (One of the warrant officers of the court (Haines, 166 G) said: I have known the prisoner's mother for twenty years, and a most violent, uncontrollable woman she is. Her husband was a glass-blower, and I believe him to be alive. One of the sons was a thief. The girl would be, no doubt, better away from a family naturally bad. Mr. Leigh: A very great deal has come out highly condemnatory of the mother's treatment of her daughter and general conduct; and the remark made by the brother is most discreditable. I will direct that the girl shall be taken care of and protected for a week at least, until further inquiries are made. Prisoner was ultimately sent to the House of Detention.

THAMES.

A BAD SON.—A respectable man came before Mr. Partridge and wished to make a long and detailed statement respecting his son who had absconded from his home and taken a diamond ring with him. He was requested by Mr. Partridge to state what he wished, as it was impossible to hear long statements from applicants, who were very numerous. The gentleman asked the magistrate to bear with him a little while. Mr. Partridge: I am afraid I cannot, sir. You must state what you want shortly. After being repeatedly interrupted in his attempt to make a long statement it came to this, that his son had been the bane of his existence, and had robbed him of a valuable diamond ring, an heirloom in his family. Mr. Partridge: If your son has robbed you of a ring or any other property you may give him into custody. See the police inspector. The gentleman begged of the magistrate to bear with him a little longer. Mr. Partridge: There are a great number of persons waiting to make applications. The gentleman: My son pawned the ring for £5 and another person took it out, and I have offered him the money, and he wants £10 from me, and will not give up the ring without. Mr. Partridge: Bring an action against him in the county court. The gentleman: But my son, who stole the ring and pawned it—Mr. Partridge: I have already said you can give him into custody of any policeman for a felony. The gentleman: Please to bear with me a little longer. Mr. Partridge: I really cannot, sir; the next application.

A BAD STORY.—Caroline Julia Nunn, aged fifteen, was brought before Mr. Partridge, charged with attempting to poison herself. In the autumn of 1862 a man named Bowyer, a butcher, in the employ of his brother, who carries on business in Mile-end Old Town, was charged at this court with abduction and enticing the prisoner from home. He was tried at the Central Criminal Court and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and hard labour. On Thursday night last at nine o'clock, William Walker, a constable, received information that the prisoner, Caroline Julia Nunn, had attempted to poison herself at a house in Hunsford-street, Commercial-road. He went there and found her seated by the fire and in great pain. A woman in the room said she had taken some red precipitate powder. Walker took her to the London Hospital, and the usual remedies were applied. The prisoner was detained in the hospital until Saturday afternoon, when she was sent before the magistrate. She appeared in a wretched plight, and much depressed. She told the officer that she was in great trouble. She had no money, could not pay her landlady, and she expected to be turned out of doors. A boat man by Bowyer that he had prepared her for the streets turned out to be too true—she had been leading the life of a prostitute. Mrs. Nunn, the mother of the girl, said she was a landlady, and that a better daughter than the prisoner could not exist until she was taken away from her home and seduced. She had assisted her in keeping the house clean, and in general domestic work. She had a good home and was well treated. The prisoner said she was troubled in her mind, and hardly knew what she was about. Mr. Partridge remanded her to the House of Detention for a week.

LAMBETH.

BURGLARY AND ROBBERY, AND VIOLENT ENCOUNTER WITH THE BURGLAR.—Thomas Jones, 28, an active and determined-looking fellow, was charged before Mr. Elliott, with a burglary and robbery at the house of Mr. William Miller, 304, Albany-road. Police-constable Marchant, 194 F, said that about a quarter past five on that morning he was in plain clothes in Richmond-street, Walworth, and met the prisoner carrying a basket with something bulky in it. Knowing him to be a notorious thief, he stopped him and asked what he had got in the basket, and he replied nothing but his own property. He told him that he must go with him to the station and satisfy his superior officer of that, when he replied, "Very well, that's all right." He walked quietly with him a short distance, when he suddenly threw the basket on him (witness), and, making use of the most disgusting language, refused to go further. Witness then laid hold of him and the prisoner at the same moment laid hold of his necktie, and endeavoured to strangle him. They fell to the ground together, but the prisoner being uppermost, caught hold of his hair, and bumped his head several times against the pavement and would have disabled him had not a stranger come up, who, at his request, took the rattle out of his pocket and sprang it for assistance. The prisoner then endeavoured to make his escape, but he (witness) caught him by one of his legs, and held him till another officer came to his assistance. While holding the prisoner by one leg he made free use of the other, and kicked him several times on the head. In reply to the questions of the magistrate, the witness said that in July, 1860, the prisoner was committed for three months from the court under the Criminal Justice Act; in December, 1861, he was committed for three months more under the same Act; and in October, 1862, he was tried at the sessions and sentenced to six months. Mr. William Smith, the prosecutor, identified the property found on the prisoner; and said that on coming down stairs that morning he found his back door open and the property removed from his kitchen. The door had been fastened on the night before. The constable applied for a warrant on the ground that a number of similar robberies had recently been committed in the same neighbourhood, and the prisoner was accordingly remanded.



HORSE-FERRYING IN INDIA IN 1857.

Literature

HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID. A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER XLIII.
LUCKNOW AGAIN.

THE reader will be good enough to remember that our last chapter referred to on the 12th of June, the day set apart for the triumph of the prophets at Delhi. The friendly reader will surely pardon me for this frequent reference to dates. It is necessary to do so in order to keep, as military men would say, the story open. Here, in this narrative, I have so to fly from one place to another, that dates are found to be a convenient kind of moorings, without which the tale would drift about like a tub at sea.

It is three days since we were in Lucknow, and we are bound to say that hard working as they are in that direction, they are beginning to be a little unreasonable, for they are wondering why relief does not come up from Allahabad. They have not the least idea that at Allahabad, perhaps, they want help themselves, or at all events would not refuse it.

The retreat to the Residency is not yet a fortnight old, and yet the "Residents," as they jocularly style themselves, are wondering where the British arms are in hiding.

No news from Cawnpore.

No news from Allahabad, the supposed head-quarters of fidelity.

And the weather approaching every day nearer and nearer to the condition of a well alight and well-stoked furnace.

Small-pox, it is said, has shown itself, and they point to a certain corner of the zigzag boundaries of the Residency defences, and they whisper how there a man has just been buried, after death by cholera. Directly dissolution has taken place in the Residency, burial must follow, for many human beings are crowded together, the sun is fierce, and decomposition is lightning-like in its swiftness.

But it is on the previous night that Sir Henry Lawrence has cause to congratulate himself on the fact that the enemy, instead of increasing in numbers, have appeared to fall back. The camp has not been shelled for many hours when the morning of the 12th arrives, and people are looking forward to a quiet day as regards gunpowder, for quiet the English cannot be till the defences of Lucknow are so complete as to be ready to meet a thorough set investing siege.

But the 12th of June was not to pass away so quietly.

Says a staff officer at that date:—

"On this day an instance of disaffection from within the camp occurred. The regiment of military police, commanded by Captain Orr, mutinied in a body, rushed to their lines, seized their arms, and then set off in the direction of Cawnpore, giving themselves no time to inflict any damage in their quarter of the city. So great was their haste, that they failed to empty their own barracks, and left behind them their clothes and baggage. Information of this was given to head-quarters; on which two guns of Major Kaye's battery, two companies of Her Majesty's 82nd, and some seventy Sikhs of the 1st Oude Irregular Cavalry, the whole under the command of Colonel Inglis, were despatched after them. They were pursued for some eight miles before they were come up with, and it was only by pushing on the cavalry and guns, without waiting for the slower movements of the infantry, that they were overtaken at all.

"The guns opened fire as soon as practicable; they had come up well over some difficult ground, but their horses were, in consequence, so done up, that there was some difficulty in taking up the most desirable position. Once the cavalry charged well, but neither the result of their charge, nor of the practice of the artillery, was such as might have been expected. The enemy's loss was not exactly ascertained, but it was supposed that they had some twenty killed, and ten prisoners were brought in. Of Captain Forbes's men, two pathans were killed on the spot; and some others, including a gallant old native officer, wounded. Mr. Thornhill, of the civil service, charging with them, was also wounded. All this time the infantry were far behind, unable to get up. A village lay to the front, in which many of the insurgents had taken refuge. Colonel Inglis forbade his

bombardment, as it would have entailed much injury to innocent villagers; and the evening was, by that time, so far advanced, that the measure would probably not have sufficed to dislodge the mutineers.

"About an hour remained to sunset; the guns and cavalry were a long way from the infantry, and many miles further from home. A return movement was therefore ordered, and accomplished successfully: the whole force returned about eight o'clock, having gone over sixteen or eighteen miles of ground.

"The Europeans had marched well to the front. It was a hard day's work for them, and ten men were lost from apoplexy, for the heat was dreadful."

On this day the horses of the men of the 7th Cavalry were brought down and picketed close to the Baillie Guard, as, with very few exceptions, the 13th, 48th, and 71st Regiments of Native Infantry and 8th Cavalry had been ordered to proceed on leave till October, and their arms and accoutrements were brought down and deposited in the Residency.

But all that day, the 12th, passed, and though there was a sharp look-out kept to the south-west, there were no signs of relief from Allahabad.

From Allahabad?

Why, if the Ganges had been the only difficulty, it would have been sufficient to impede for a long time the advance of any force in which cavalry took part. At this date, the 12th June, 1857, there was no bridge of boats at that point, and horses had to be ferried after the manner displayed in our engraving, a mode of operation which was not calculated to accelerate the movements of a relieving force. In fact, one stubborn horse is quite as troublesome as a hundred moody men. The latter may yield to reason; the former cannot, or won't, which is all the same thing. The ingenious reader will see how the thing is done. A rope is fastened to the ferry-boat, and slipped round the bit. Then the horse backs, and the help lays on the whip. This persuader induces the horse to take a step forward, and exactly as you wind out a fish, so the military wind in their horse, by pulling the slackened rope. It is not a quick business, and it need not be pointed out that the operation is never accomplished in half no time.

But there were other impediments at Allahabad which were for a time to prevent Havelock from marching to the relief of Lucknow. The English at this place had to look after themselves too seriously to be able to help other people.

But it is only just to add, that here at Allahabad, as elsewhere, the Sepoy atrocities were glided in some few instances by mercy. The English officers of one native regiment stationed at Allahabad, and which mutinied, were all saved by the interference of a few men who felt grateful to the English gentlemen for kindness shown to the Hindus beyond the very ordinary average amount of consideration which the Feringhees had for the native. It is a pity that the names of these men were never learnt. We present a tableau of this exciting and praiseworthy scene, drawn from memory by one of those very officers who were saved by the intervention of a few of the men, an intervention to which immense praise must be given, when it is remembered that throughout the mutiny the mass of sepoys, excited by bhang and other stimulants, had little mercy upon any of their own people who showed the least pity for the white enemy.

Help from Allahabad? Why they had to fight each man for half a dozen, to prove that the British flag still meant to fly through India. Help for Lucknow from Allahabad? Not yet. Take, reader, a survey of our picture—"An Engagement at Allahabad"—and ask yourself whether they could do other men's fighting? Already the sepoys had gained possession of such points of advantage as palaces and banks. Happily, as all the world knows, at Allahabad, a patriotic combination of pluck and good fortune, together with the want of leaders on the part of the sepoys, gave the British an advantage of which they immediately possessed themselves.

No, from Lucknow they might gaze south-west, but they were to hear no slogan ringing through the Indian air for many weary months to come.

But had the outposts looked towards Delhi—say on the 19th of June, a date for which we have to wait a week, and could they have peered through the thickness of their enemies, they might have marked a poor solitary Parsee, pale and weary, threading his humble road towards the Residency.

So, by the way, let us return to the fortune of Captain Sir Olive St. Maur.

What were his thoughts when he regained those senses which he lost as he fell at the feet of her who had been his wife, and who then appeared before him, a being who was an incarnation of cruelty and subtle revenge, hidden through many waiting years.

All men may surely pity that poor brother who wakes from the belief of many years, to learn that he has been in error.

This was Olive St. Maur's experience.

Pledging his own word to himself that she was pure and honourable, he sought her, and finding her, poor lady, he witnessed, as he thought, her wickedness.

How could he be on the alert against the appearances that accused her? He heard her devote their child to the death.

In that moment the apparent evidence of her apparent perfidy was given before his very eyes.

How could he doubt where all appeared distinct?

He had heard that she had fled back to her Hindoo people. And amongst them he found her. He had been told she was faithless to the Christianity she had professed. He came and bore witness to her invocation to Brahma, to see her speaking like as a prophetess to hundreds.

Then, finally, he heard her condemn their child to death.

How could he tell that in doing this she was acting by the promptings of an already unbalanced mind—that she spoke the sentence of death upon her own offspring, to save, as she thought, his life?

He found her triumphant amongst Indians; he heard her condemn their child.

What direction could his thoughts take, if not to the belief that when she urged that the child should be sent to England, she did so in order to get the boy into the Indian power; that when she fled it was as an Indian devotee, not an English mother seeking her child, a woman who dared not wait in prosecuting that search, but who was forced to flee without word or warning?

It will be remembered that Lota fled at a very short notice; that she agreed to divulge all to Phil and the chaplain; and that just previous to the hour when she was to make the revelation, Vengha's letter arrived, referring to the possession of her son by the enemy. It will also not be forgotten that she had no time in which to warn her husband, as when she fled she expected every moment that her arrest might take place.

And so it fell out, that the one human being whom Lota revered and looked up to, judged her as harshly as did her worst enemy, and believed her a traitress, when she was in verity a heroine.

He staggered forward, and she recognising him, he did not hear her command to forbid the sacrifice.

As he stood before her, the earth suddenly fell, as though it were slipping away from under him. A blackness came before his eyes, and a loud threatening singing in the ears. Then he felt a shock (this must have been at the moment when his body touched the ground) then his senses left him, but nevertheless he remembered that after he felt the shock, and before the world became for a time naught, he heard a loud roar, and felt the earth tremble beneath him.

And dying as were his senses, he knew that the sound heralded the death of his child.

When once more he was Sir Olive St. Maur, he had no doubt that the sufferer blown from the cannon was his child. He had no doubt on that point.

When he regained his senses he found himself in one of the commonest sort of Hindoo houses.

He was lying on a poor worm-eaten bamboo bedstead.

What was his first thought when he knew himself once more.

ALONE!

That was the whole of his comprehension. Alone—solitude. Mere oneness!

Have you ever felt that sudden feeling, reader? Have you stood by the dead, and said, "Alone?" or heard of a shipwreck, and said, alone? Have you learnt that the one for whom all your life beat has fled, and have you then cried, "Quite alone?"

If through this ghastly experience of poor human life you have passed, I need not ask you to sprinkle a little passing pity on Sir Olive St. Maur, Baronet.

When she fled, he thought he was desolate. For we do not weigh well what we possess, or think we possess, which is much about the same thing; and when we lose it, perhaps, we judge equally ill on the other side of the scale. To think not enough of what we have, to think well of that which we do not possess, this is one of the torments of humanity.

Said the poor low-caste sweeper to St. Maur, when he came to consciousness once more, "Brother!" for he thought the Hindoo was converted.

"Where am I?"

"Thou art in the poor home of Durth Jalib."

"How came I here?"

"I and two more, to whom I paid each rice and many, many thanks, brought thee hither while thy soul was with the great Brahma."

"Brahma?" he said. And then the dead oppression of his loneliness merged for a few moments into the sweet agony of tears. "My Lota—oh, my Lota!"



ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE MUTINEERS AND THE BRITISH TROOPS, AT ALLAHABAD.

So speaking, and so weeping, as we speak and weep to the unyielding dead, he knelt over the dead love he bore his wife.

The poor Hindoo, simply and meekly living in deep superstitious faith, was moved to see a bearded man weep; these poor Hindoos, who are beardless, having much reverence for bearded faces. Said he, "Thou dost sanctify my house with thy good tears; yet would I rather that thou didst not shed them. Wilt thou eat?"

Oliver shook his head.

"My rice is good, my water is pure—and see, here is an unused bowl." (a).

Rice and water, the poor Hindoo's only food. It is not much to claim of the world for the privilege of living and working in it.

"I cannot eat."

"Desire to, dear brother; and Brahma will make thee strong."

Oliver smiled faintly, for not being a very selfish man, his own grief had not made him sullen, if desolate.

"I do not believe in Brahma," said he.

"Thou art not converted?" cried the Hindoo.

"No."

"Thou art still a Parsee?"

"I am no Parsee."

"Then thou art what?"

"A Christian, and an Englishman."

The Hindoo fell back as though he had been struck.

Now, wherefore did Oliver St. Maur make this admission? The cause is very evident. He was so broken down by his trouble, so fearless in his desolation, that he did not care any longer to deceive, so he admitted he was a Christian, Englishman.

For a few moments the two men stood silently regarding each other. Each represented an enemy to the other; but face to face as they were they remained silent.

"Are you going to deliver me up to the Indians?" asked the baronet.

"Brahma forbid, for thou art weak."

"Am I free to depart?"

"As the air, Sahib."

Now, as the Englishman spoke, he was unconsciously turning round on one of his fingers a ring of Indian workmanship, with which it was loaded.

(a) The Hindoo never uses a piece of crockery more than once. Brass he may use till it is worn into holes. So it happens that the very poor, who cannot afford the expense of brass, pay at every meal for the utensil which holds their mess of boiled rice. So it happens, as it happens elsewhere, that the poorest pay dearest. A Hindoo worth a brass basin is set up for life; a

man who cannot buy brass pays for crockery in the course of a life money that would buy a thick silver dinner service.



NARROW ESCAPE OF BRITISH OFFICERS AT ALLAHABAD. (See page 668.)

But, as the Hindoo spoke, the Englishman's eyes were upon the jewel.

He hesitated for a few moments. Then he drew the ring from his hand.

It had been given him by Lota.

"Take this ring."

"Nay, Sahib, my hands are too hard to wear rings."

"But I have very little money."

"It shall not be the lighter by the satisfying of my wants."

"Take the ring."

"I have not earned it."

"Sell it. Buy with the money food, and give to the poor."

The Hindoo held out his hand, and Lota's ring had parted company from its English owner.

She had gone. Why should he keep her ring? he asked himself.

Then he moved towards the door.

"Whither goest thou, Sahib?"

"To my people."

"Go not to thy people, for they are marked for death."

"Hindoo," said the Englishman, "it seems to me you are an honest man. Who taught you to be true-hearted?"

"My mother!"

"Hast thou no wife or children?"

"No; I am too poor."

"It is a pity, Hindoo, for you had loved them."

"Ay, Sahib, and they had loved me."

"Perhaps—perhaps!" said the Englishman; and then his slight streaming desolately before him, he moved wearily towards the door.

"Sahib, wilt thou not eat?"

"No; give me some water."

And this he took, drinking from the clay vessel, which, after that draught, the Indian would not use, much as he pitied the "Sahib."

"Brahma be with thee!" said the Hindoo.

"And God with you!" said the Englishman.

Thus they parted.

The Englishman set forth southwards in the moonlight.

As he quitted the city he said, lowly, "I will go to Lucknow—I will go amongst my own people!"

So he set forth, never once recalling to mind that he must have been declared a deserter, that military law had been proclaimed, and that, therefore, the punishment of his desertion was death.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE NENA'S AGENTS.

Who has not indulged in the quaint fancy of comparing human beings to different animals. Here you mark a man who reminds you of a tiger. There another who is so much like a fox, that you feel inclined to tell him he ought to be hunted; while a third is so much like a sheep, that in an insane way you wonder whether he would not up well as mutton. So with women—who does not know the woman who reminds you of a cat? Who is ignorant of the Blenheim spaniel woman, or the sharp female, who in looks, ways, and habits reminds you of a saucy London sparrow?

When Mr. Doob Sharpooy got an audience with Phil Effingham on that 12th day of June, in a moment Phil compared the insinuating gent eman to the hideous serpent called the cobra di capella.

The Indian had sent in a correct card in the best English fashion, and then introduced himself with a humble bow and smile, which, as a serpent, ought to have compensated any rabbit the loss of his life.

The gentleman possessed this peculiarity, that he appeared to have no bone in him. He bent everywhere, being in that particular most singularly like a snake.

"Well, what do you want with me?" asks Phil, who at that particular moment was in as loose undress as that of most soldiers when their time is their own.

He did not speak very graciously. Rarely did he when he opened his mouth to an Indian.

"Sweet sahib—"

"Oh, stow it," says the doctor; and, turning round as he speaks, he looks so fiercely over the lancet he has been sharpening—for his surgeon's apparatus was already beginning to get into full play—that Doob Sharpooy looks like a very frightened serpent at best.

"What do you want? Out with it!"

"Sahib!" says Doob; "the Sahib Sir Olive St. Maur."

Our readers must not forget that this scene took place on the morning of the day upon which Lota, out of her own mouth, had condemned her child to the cannon's yawning mouth.

"Well, what of the Sahib Sir Olive?" asks Phil, guardedly, but with a tone of interest in his inquiry, which he can no more disguise than he can walk upright and hide his height at the same moment.

"I seek him."

"Gad! You'll have to seek."

"I have a message for him."

"Who from?"

"Pardon, sahib," says the spy, undulating like a whole ugly handful of serpents, and smiling with such irritating captivation that Phil has some difficulty to prevent himself from doubling up the visitor with a well-aimed camp-stool, which is just nicely to his hand. "Pardon, sahib; I must speak with the sahib himself. I will wait till I see him."

And thereupon Phil communed with himself. Forewarned is forearmed, and as Phil knew pretty well every turn a cunning Indian could take, he felt sure that this message was to benefit the messenger rather than his old friend.

Very well; then Phil's game was to get hold of the message.

"Wait till you see him? You'll get devilish tired if you do."

"Blessed Brahma! Is he dead?"

"No. Who's the message from?"

"May I trust you, sahib?"

"Not unless you like," says Phil; and here he felt a more decided desire than he had yet experienced to chuck the camp-stool right in his visitor's waist-scarf, and make him double up like twisting a pair of nut-crackers.

"Can I not see him?"

"I don't see how it is to be done," says Phil, leading his customer on.

"I—I can pay for it," says the Nena's spy; for such was the estimable Doob Sharpooy.

"You can, can you?" says Phil, so exactly on the point of explosion that he never rightly comprehended how he avoided the crash. Had it occurred, this tale could never have been written, as necessarily it will appear.

But he stopped himself, and, as he did so, he was quite sure that the Indian had arrived with a scheme in his heart which boded no good to any white man.

"What will you pay to know where he is?"

The Indian drew himself up. He thought actually that he had bribed an English gentleman and an officer.

He did not bow as he touched a ring containing an unpolished emerald upon his finger.

Phil was now quite sure that the Indian had come upon some important business, and he determined to have the truth out of him, even though the operation were to be achieved by choking the delinquent.

"That's it!" said Phil; "don't let it be known. Sir Olive St. Maur is in prison for insubordination. He is ill, and, as a doctor, I am tending him. I can introduce you as a—friend. Oh, yes!" repeats Phil, with remarkable emphasis, "I can introduce you as a

friend; but I should really like to know who sends the message. You can trust me."

"I think I can," says the Indian, mockingly, and dropping the use of the title "Sahib." The respectable Doob Sharpooy was quite upright now.

"I think I can," repeats the Hindoo, patronisingly; and then dropping his voice, he says, "I come to the Sahib Sir Olive with a message from his wife. Oh, holy Brahma of Brahmas! Sa—Sa—Sahib!"

For, with a great shout of "You rascal!" Phil had taken a great leap at the spy, and pinned him by the neck, exactly after the fashion of a terrier fixing up a rat.

Of course the reader comprehends the appearance of this spy at Lucknow. The reader will recall that the Nena had planned the plot very nicely—only it failed. He had, in the first place, spread the report in Lucknow on the 6th of June, that Lota was leading the Hindoos, and that she was at Delhi. This rumour he hoped would disgust Olive St. Maur with his wife, and cause him to abhor her memory. Then the Nena felt that if he sent a messenger to him with a supposed letter from the wife, and some sign which he could not doubt, and if the true version of her disappearance were told him, that the revelation back to love would be so great that he would blindly follow the spy to Delhi, there to answer the purpose of terrorizing over Lota; in fact, by being put in the same position as that which had been occupied by the poor child Arthur.

It was all very clever; only if you lay out a plot with an entire pack of cards, and one or two are wanting when the actual game comes off, why sometimes it is—awkward. That's all.

The spy did not arrive in Lucknow till the 11th. And Olive had deserted (for that is the word to use) on the 9th.

The spy was only forty-eight hours behindhand, and after spending the 11th in fruitless inquiries, he fell as nicely into the doctor's trap on the morning of the 12th of June as ever a fly was caught with treacle.

He had got into the Residency with amazing alacrity and self-satisfaction. But, as Phil shook his prisoner, Doob Sharpooy had some doubts whether he should ever leave it again, for his first impression after the onslaught stood to the belief that he was in several places.

"You rascal!" says Phil; "you're a rascally spy!"

"Sahib!" says Doob, protesting in a voice about as weak as water.

"Don't sahbi me! Now, by the mortal jingo, if you don't make a clean breast of it, I'll send a bullet as handsomely through your head as lead and gunpowder can do it."

Well, Doob Sharpooy was the equal of most spies by profession in this, that he was a capital coward.

"Sahib, what will you?"

"Who's your master?"

"Lota, the priestess."

"What was your message to Olive St. Maur?"

"A letter."

"Where is it?"

The spy took a letter from a pouch worn at his side.

It was written on ordinary English paper.

Phil had no qualms of conscience on the subject. He broke the seal at once.

Even for a moment he was startled by the similarity of the handwriting to Lota's.

The letter contained these words:—"Come, dear my husband: I am here with our child, to follow whom I left even you. Proofs I send you. Come, dear husband, for my heart yearns to you as the flower to the light.—LOTA."

That sentence—"for my heart yearns to you as the flower to the light"—decided Phil. No educated woman who had lived many years in good English society, as had Lota St. Maur, would write such high-flown sentiment as that. The use of these words substantiated his belief that the letter was a very clever forgery in the ordinary Indian way. The Hindoos are extremely clever at forgeries, as our Indian banks have too good reason for remembering.

"Well, where are their proofs?"

The Indian handed him first a ring, which he saw at a glance was one Lota had frequently worn. Then he fingered a little English child's shirt, and there in the corner was marked the name, "Arthur St. Maur." And further, pinned in one corner of the linen, was a paper containing a wisp of hair, which totally resembled the child's.

And now it was that Phil's clear brain saw part of the plot. The child had been stolen by a Hindoo; the mother had been forced to follow the child; her old character as a Brahmine, of which Phil had learnt much through the chaplain, had been turned to account to accelerate the enthusiasm of the Indians; and now, as a culmination of the plot, an attempt was being made to obtain the mastery of the husband.

The letter, once comprehended by Phil to be a forgery, all the rest of the conclusions followed naturally.

Who was the delinquent?

Now, all the world knows how rapid is thought. Phil felt in a moment it must be some one with whom Lota had been identified during her Indian infancy.

The conviction flashed upon him almost like a revelation. A moment, and he had proof positive. The spies in the English service had reported the Nena at Delhi. Now, if this spy did but state, and unsuspiciously, that he was to have led St. Maur to Delhi, Phil's course was clear.

"Where are you going?"

The spy saw, possibly, no danger in replying truthfully for once; or, perhaps, he was too frightened to lie. At all events, he replied, "To Delhi."

"You are a spy of Nena Sahib's," said the doctor. "You do not come from Lady St. Maur at all; and, by Jove, if you don't make a clean breast of it, you'll never wash in the Ganges again."

"No, I am no spy, Sahib," said the spy.

"No?"

"By Brahma, I am not!"

And now Phil did two very curious things—actions not extraordinary as a doctor, but performances very remarkable when taken into consideration with the investigation he was pursuing.

In the first place, he whistled the Hindoo round, and suddenly thrust his hands under the arm-pits of the spy. The action was followed by a cry, and then the rascal began to move his jaws as though chewing.

In a moment Phil clapped the spy's jaws together, and held them tight.

The fellow now put his right hand under his left arm.

"Drop your hand, man, or, by the Lord Harry, I'll break it."

The man did as he was bidden.

The doctor now forced open the man's mouth.

Between the teeth there was a something which, pulled from his mouth, proved to be a flattened quill.

"I thought so," said Phil; and taking up the lancet he had let fall, he slit the quill, bringing to view a piece of fine, delicately rolled paper.

This, which was neither wet nor damp, he opened and read. The document was in the common dialect and writing of the country. It was very short:—

"This bearer is my vicar. As he bids, do; in the name of Brahma. NENA SAMBI."

Then followed a mark, something like a hieroglyphic.

"I thought so," said Phil.

The words were a repetition, but, under the circumstances, no one will find fault with them.

The spy was miserably pale and trembling, but again he attempted to raise his right hand to the under part of his left arm.

Phil struck the hand down.

Perhaps it was a cowardly thing to do, for the limb fell as though, literally, it had been broken; but it must be remembered that he was acting under great excitement, and, furthermore, that he was contending with a lying traitor, whose word could not be taken for one moment.

Phil thrust the document, (which, we may add here, was written on kid-parchment) into the pocket, and now he applied the lancet to the left sleeve of the spy's dress.

The wretch quivered as the cold hinder rim of the instrument crept over his skin in its passage, as it severed the linen tunic.

"Hold your arm up, you sir," says Phil.

"No, no, no, sahib," says the Hindoo, clasping his hands; "it is all my fortune."

"Hold your arm up; I don't say I'm going to rob you."

The poor creature shudderingly held up his left arm, and then Effingham, feeling with the lancet reversed, struck some hard substance.

Then, putting a handkerchief over his hand, he raised it to the spot touched by the lancet, and appeared to pluck at something. Then, with a wild cry, the Hindoo fell upon the ground, and wept like a child.

Phil held something between the thumb and forefinger.

"By Jove!" cried he, looking at the something—"worth hundreds!"

Let us explain this apparent mystery at once.

Some three years before, Phil, as a doctor, had made an after-death examination of a Hindoo who had been found dead, and upon whose body, in accordance with the wise English law, an inquest had been held.

To his surprise, during the dissection, he found a soft quill bent round the under gums, and upon making further search he found a rough opal, not worth much, secreted in a little pouch actually made in the skin, below the arm, and which was fixed where found by the use of some resinous substance.

At the time, he surmised the man was a secret agent, as he found a message in the quill.

It was this knowledge which he applied to his investigation of the Nena's spy. With what success the reader has already seen.

The matter thus explained, a profound mystery becomes simple enough.

The reader can comprehend now why the spy appeared to be chewing when Phil stopped the motion of his jaws. He was endeavouring to swallow the evidence of his implication with the Nena.

The stone, of which Phil had possessed himself, was a splendid diamond. Like many other Indians, this man had hoarded his treasure in the shape of a jewel.

Looking at the weeping creature, he said, "There, get up; it all depends upon yourself whether you have your diamond again or not."

"My diamond!—mine again! Oh, bright, good, sunlight Sahib!" says the poor devil, finding enough courage to rise to his knees, and, in that position, clasping his unhappy looking hands.

"So, you need not admit you are Nena's spy. I know it. Tell me—is Lady St. Maur with or against the Nena?"

"Against," says the Hindoo.

Phil breathed more freely.

Was her child stolen?

"Yes."

"By whom?"

"By me."

"Acting under whose orders?"

"Yengha's."

"And Lady St. Maur only quitted the English because she was tempted to follow her child, as you would have tempted her husband to follow her?"

"Yes."

"You rascal!" said Phil, a bright kind of look nevertheless appearing on his face.

"God forgive me, Lady St. Maur," he added; "how I have wronged you! But I'll do my best to get back your good name, and save your child, if he lives to be a man, from blushing for his mother."

Phil was too much of a man himself to suppose the Indians were capable of killing little children. On the 12th of June they had not learnt at Lucknow that such things had been and were being perpetrated.

"Now, look here," says Phil; "which will you do? Will you leave your diamond here, and be set at liberty, or will you have your diamond, and be handed over to the authorities? In one case, you will lose your diamond, and gain your life; in the second, I'm sure you'll lose one, and I'm afraid the other."

"But will you still keep my diamond?"

"If you think fit to take your liberty, I promise you that I will hand it over to you some day."

"When, sahib?"

"When the mutiny is stamped out."

Phil did not mark the Hindoo's quiet smile.

"When the war is ended, sahib?"

"Yes, when India is once more in her senses. Then come here, and admit openly what you have to me, and so give Lady St. Maur back the character she has lost, and the diamond is yours once more. Do you agree?"

"Yes, sahib."

And so, as Phil had got his diamond, the Hindoo reverenced him, and creeping nearer to the doctor, actually he kissed his feet.

"Be off," said Phil, in no very pleasant voice.

"I will return when the war is over," said the man, as he rose.

But he added to himself, "I will return when ye English are conquered. Brahma will guide me to my diamond."

Then, with more profound bows and humble motions, the foiled spy withdrew, stepping backwards, and apoplectic to the very last.

Doob Sharpooy, having quitted the hut, Olive, at a satisfactory distance, followed the poor devil some paces from the opening of his tent.

Looking after the poor shambling and dejected Hindoo, he said, "By Jove! Lota, there's not a man or woman in the regiment that I won't make sorry for having suspected you!"

And it was at this precise moment that his heart began thumping in a most alarming manner.

"By Jove!" thinks he,—"by Jove! what makes me feel so odd when that Scotchwoman goes past?"

Now the Scotchwoman was Jessie Macfarlane.

Furthermore, we will relate in other chapters what it was made Phil Effingham "quer" when "that Scotch woman," went past.

(To be continued in our next)

THE QUEEN V. KING AND HERMAN.—The indictment against King, and others, on account of the great fight, will be tried at the Lewes Sessions, before Lord Chief Justice, on the 4th of April. It will be recalled that an application was made to Mr. Justice Stree, at chambers, to remove the indictment into the Court of Queen's Bench, and the application was granted on terms. It seems that some of the defendants have refused to contribute towards the expense consequent on the removal, and Mr. Beard, the attorney for King, has declined to take out the writ of certiorari. Mr. Serjeant Tindal Atkinson and Mr. Bealey will defend King, Maco, and Tyler at the forthcoming Lewes Sessions.

JOURNEYING TO THE BRITISH COLUMBIAN DIGGINGS.

An adventurer, who writes in a somewhat despondent tone about the Cariboo diggings and the gains to be made there, and criticises sharply statements made by the bishop and other influential men as to the high rate of wages, describes as follows some incidents of his journey up country to Cariboo. The letter is dated Dec. 14, 1863:—

"As we approached Yale the river narrows considerably, and the Cascade mountains close in round us. At Yale the navigation stops, for there the Big Cariboo commences. Yale is a row of wooden shops, but, unlike Hope, they are all open; there is more bustle. The male trains start from here, and here begins the tramp for those who propose to walk to Eldorado. We got to Yale at twelve o'clock. I had been very cold on board the steamer, but when I got on the road with my blankets and traps (45 lbs. on my back) I began to feel hot. When I landed I had about four dollars in my pocket, so that I was bound to work my way up. I heard that there was some road-making fifteen miles up, so I proposed to walk there that same day. The road wound along the side of the mountain, 500 feet above the river, which roared dimly among the huge masses of rock that lay about in the bed. In some places the river was hidden by the walls of rock which arose perpendicularly from fifty to 100 feet from the water, and the mountains on each side reach away 2,000 or 3,000 feet above that, their sides sometimes covered with thin eternal pine or fir, sometimes with sliding debris of rock. Everything around was on such a large scale that from where I stood it seemed as though I could almost have jumped across the river from rock to rock. As I stood looking down into the river I saw what appeared to be a piece of wood floating against the current, but on looking closer I saw it was a canoe; two others followed the first, gliding from between two pieces of rock that looked like two pebbles from where I stood; they were miners on their way up. To go up the Fraser in a canoe is most dangerous, from sunken rocks, rapids, whirlpools, &c. Often two or three times a day they have to take everything out of the canoes and portage it over the rocks till they can work the canoes again; and as these portages occur in the most rocky places, the difficulty and danger of carrying the provisions over the rocks is very great; they are usually pecked in 100 lb., and many a man has slipped and many a canoe with fourteen or fifteen men in it has been smashed upon a sunken rock, or capsized in a whirlpool; and when a man once gets in the Fraser there is little hope for him, be he ever such a good swimmer. In 1858 the number of accidents must have been very great, for then the river was the highway; everything was taken up in canoes. Twelve miles from Yale a ferry; here I descended to the boat, and was sculled across by a 'Sowwah' (Indian). On the other side there was no road; they were building a bridge (suspension) three miles further up, to carry the road up the left bank, as the river was too rocky. I began to feel my pack rather heavy, and the travelling on the trail was not so good as the road. At last I came to the road-makers' camp. I got in at half-past five o'clock and found them still at work. The first thing I did was to look out for a place to sleep—the next to get rid of my pack; as soon as I took it off I very nearly fell on my face; I really could not walk for a minute or two after it was off; my head and shoulders wanted to go at twice the rate of my legs. I soon made a log fire, and got some supper under way. There were lots of fellows round waiting for work like myself. Some of them had been waiting fourteen days. I slept that night in a rough log hut used in the daytime as a blacksmith's shop. The next morning there were a lot of men taken on, and I got on amongst the rest, thirty-five dollars per month and grub—seven to twelve and one to six. They fed us very well, and supplied tents. I was ordered, along with about twelve other men, up the mountain side to get logs down, for the road here had to be built with timber; the mountain-side was so steep and covered with rock debris quite down to the river; the road was 200 feet above it. We first pushed the logs over a cliff and let them take their chance; but when once they got started they didn't stop until they were in the water; then we tried hitching a rope to 'em and letting them down gradually; they would stick against a stone or stump; then a few of us would have to go and shake it with handspikes. Rock was flying about our skulls in a very playful manner all the time. Sometimes the fellows up above would start a huge mass of rock, and as it came down it would burst in a dozen pieces. Our only chance then was to get behind a tree; and just as you got under shelter a piece as big as yourself would fly past your nose, causing a cold sensation down the small of your back. Altogether it was exciting work; whenever we went out in the morning we expected to have our heads knocked off our shoulders with a lump of rock, or to be flattened out like a sheet of paper by a huge log rolling over us; it was so steep at one place that when the choppers cut a tree down it would invariably go crashing down, branches and all, right into the river, scattering the men working on the road like sheep as it thundered past them."

"I oft inverted letters write
To hide defect of wit,
And though, my dear, you'll puzzle be,
If to the glass you place these lines,
Your charming self you'll view,
Nay! blush not, for the secret true,
I fancy none but you."

A FAITHLESS LOVER.

At York assizes was tried a case, Carr v. Jackson, being an action for seduction. Mr. Macaulay, Q.C., and Mr. Mundell appeared for the plaintiff; and Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C., for the defendant.

The plaintiff is a farmer at Moss, having four daughters, of whom the second was the subject of this action. She is about twenty-one years of age, and the defendant, who is a farmer, occupying his own farm of about 140 acres, is twenty-seven. In January, 1862, a new harmonium was procured for the parish church, and, as the defendant and the plaintiff's daughter took great interest in the singing, an intimacy soon sprang up between the parties. In March, the daughter and her brother went to tea with the defendant, when he expressed his love for her and gave her some inverted lines, which, being placed opposite a glass, read as follows:—

"I oft inverted letters write
To hide defect of wit,
And though, my dear, you'll puzzle be,
If to the glass you place these lines,
Your charming self you'll view,
Nay! blush not, for the secret true,
I fancy none but you."

"27-5-62." "Amis cum mones."

What that meant the learned counsel could not say. (A laugh.) In August the defendant wrote her the following letter:—

"August 7, 1862.

"Dear Martha,—According to your solicitor's request, I shall herein insert a few words for your meditation during this interval's elapse. I beg your permission for a short period; probably, it may rival the adage of our precedent (absence makes the heart grow fonder). Dear Martha, as you have heard so many imperfections respecting my morals, I beg you to ask yourself if you have not seen me already characterized to excess. I will adhere firmly to the truth. I have never tried to allure you by enticing enchantments nor ostentatious giddiness. No, truly not. I feel heartily thankful that I am endowed with reason superior to that. I intended to have been silent as regards my ethics, but will presume to say that my failings are superficial, whereas some of those enchanting persons' failings are deep rooted. Notwithstanding, I console myself with demonstrative testimony of not being chained fast with deep-rooted immorality. I noticed the underlining of the little manual you gave me. Dear Martha, I beg you most sincerely to make me a long, due, considerate, and cautious deliberation of my misgivings. It is not of my creation; it is an implantation from above. I most assuredly know that I am designed for a great end; full sensible am I of the ray of divinity of which mortal man is endowed with. If my conduct is not in strict accordance to your liking, I beg to claim a few words of noble power. May God grant you successful in insuring one of those faultless, perfect, happy men for a partner; also in conjunction I wish you every blessing, both temporal and spiritual, and beg your forgiveness if I have done wrong in anywise or said amiss. And now I conclude stood in the floodgate of tears. Nevertheless, I wish you prosperous in all things. If my morals are not sufficiently refined according to my contemporary, I must content myself to lead a calm life, and strive to merit the approbation of Him whose unerring wisdom knoweth all things, and join those of nobler engagements than any here on earth engaged. Pardon all, I beseech you, and forgive the oddity of conclusion."

About Martinmas in the same year the plaintiff's daughter went to stay with her married sister at Shipton Grange, where she received from the defendant the following letter:—

"Nov. 3, 1862.

"Dear Martha,—You will be naturally inclined to suppose that I have disregarded the solicitation of your last epistle. I appeal to your clemency for pardon. I vowed in my last that I would give you a lengthened secondary, but have been unable to write at all. This is the first time of my writing anything since I last wrote to you. I have had a grievous carbuncle on my right hand, which has prevented me from my respective duties. It is much better, or I could not have done this. You, therefore, will not expect a long letter this time. As to the troubles I have, be not alarmed; I feel more composed about some of them, and hope to live and give you the rest orally. In reference to a part of my last you will probably advert to relative to sister, I hope she is progressing nicely."

"I now beg to conclude, trusting that you are peaceful, composed, healthy, and happy, and hope you will not stay your hand from communication as heretofore."

"Yours loyally, &c.,

"JOHN JACKSON."

In January, 1863, after her return home, the defendant came to see her at her father's house, and being left up alone with her after the rest of the family had gone to bed to let in one of her brothers who was spending the evening away from home, pulled her on his knee, and under a promise of marriage otherwise misconducted himself. In March the young woman found herself in the family way, and told the defendant, who said he was sorry for it, for if it was so he should have to run away. She asked why they could not be married, but he said his father was against it. He continued to visit her till May, when, on being importuned to marry her, he ceased to visit the house. The child was born on the 10th of November. In the following month the defendant went to see the plaintiff's daughter, and said he would pay her £100 for the child's schooling, and £100 when it was twenty-five years of age. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff.—Damages, £400.

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